

THE

POETICAL CALENDAR.

VOL. IX.

FOR SEPTEMBER.



238 e 7

T H E
P O E T I C A L C A L E N D A R.

C O N T A I N I N G
A C O L L E C T I O N
Of scarce and valuable
P I E C E S O F P O E T R Y :

With Variety of
O R I G I N A L S A N D T R A N S L A T I O N S,

B Y T H E M O S T E M I N E N T H A N D S.

Written and Selected

By F R A N C I S F A W K E S, M. A.
And W I L L I A M W O T Y.

I N T W E L V E V O L U M E S.

T H E S E C O N D E D I T I O N.

L O N D O N :

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M D C C L X I I I .

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S E P T E M B E R. A N O D E.

Farewell the pomp of Flora! vivid scene!
Welcome sage Autumn, to invert the year—
Farewell to summer's eye-delighting green!

Her verdure fades—autumnal blasts are near.
The silky wardrobe now is laid aside,
With all the rich regalia of her pride.

And must we bid sweet Philomel adieu?

She that was wont to charm us in the grove?
Must Nature's livery wear a sadder hue,

And a dark canopy be stretch'd above?
Yes—for September mounts his ebon-throne,
And the smooth foliage of the plain is gone.

Libra, to weigh the harvest's pearly store,

The golden ballance poizes now on high,
The calm serenity of Zephyr o'er,
Sol's glittering legions to th' equator fly,

At the same hour he shows his orient head,
And, warn'd by Thetis, sinks in Ocean's bed.

Adieu! ye damask roses, which remind
The maiden fair-one, how her charms decay;
Ye rising blasts, oh! leave some mark behind,
Some small memorial of the sweets of May:
Ah! no—the ruthless season will not hear,
Nor spare one glory of the ruddy year.

No more the waste of music sung so late
From every bush, green orchestra of love,
For now their winds the birds of passage wait,
And bid a last farewell to every grove;
While those, whom shepherd-swains the sleepers call,
Chuse their recess in some sequester'd wall.

Yet still shall sage September boast his pride,
Some birds shall chant, some gayer flowers shall
Nor is the season wholly unallied [blow,
To purple bloom; the haler fruits shall grow,
The stronger plants, such as enjoy the cold,
And wear a livelier grace by being old.

AN AUTUMNAL ODE.

TO MR. HAYMAN.

YET once more, glorious God of day,
 While beams thine orb serene,
 O let me warbling court thy stay
 To gild the fading scene!
 Thy rays invigorate the Spring,
 Bright Summer to perfection bring,
 The cold inclemency of Winter cheer, [year.
 And make th' Autumnal months the mildest of the

Ere yet the russet foliage fall
 I'll climb the mountain's brow,
 My friend, my Hayman, at thy call,
 To view the scene below:
 How sweetly pleasing to behold
 Forests of vegetable gold!
 How mix'd the many chequer'd shades between
 The tawny, mellowing hue, and the gay vivid green!

How splendid all the sky! how still!
 How mild the dying gale!
 How soft the whispers of the rill,
 That winds along the vale!

So tranquil Nature's works appear,
 It seems the sabbath of the year:
 As if, the Summer's labour past, she chose
 This season's sober calm for blandishing repose.

Such is of well-spent life the time,
 When busy days are past;
 Man, verging gradual from his prime,
 Meets sacred peace at last:
 His flowery Spring of pleasures o'er,
 And Summer's full-blown pride no more,
 He gains pacific Autumn, mild and bland, [hand.
 And dauntless braves the stroke of Winter's palsied

For yet a while, a little while,
 Involv'd in wintry gloom,
 And lo! another Spring shall smile,
 A Spring eternal bloom:
 Then shall he shine, a glorious guest,
 In the bright mansions of the blest,
 Where due rewards on virtue are bestow'd, [sow'd.
 And reap'd the golden fruits of what his Autumn

A U T U M N. A N O D E.

A Las ! with swift and silent pace,
 Impatient Time rolls on the year;
 The seasons change, and Nature's face
 Now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe.

'Twas spring, 'twas summer, all was gay,
 Now autumn bends a cloudy brow,
 The flowers of spring are swept away,
 And summer's fruits desert the bough.

The verdant leaves that play'd on high,
 And wanton'd in the western breeze,
 Now trod in dust neglected lie,
 As Boreas strips the bending trees.

The fields that wav'd with golden grain,
 As russet heaths are wild and bare,
 Not moist with dew, but drench'd in rain,
 Nor health, nor pleasure, wanders there.

No more, while thro' the midnight shade,
 Beneath the moon's pale orb I stray,
 Soft pleasing woes my heart invade,
 As Progne pours the melting lay.

From

From this capricious clime she soars,
 O! would some God but wings supply!
 To where each morn the spring restores,
 Companion of her flight, I'd fly.

Vain wish! me fate compells to bear
 The downward season's iron reign,
 Compells to breathe polluted air,
 And shiver on a blasted plain.

What bliss to life can autumn yield,
 If glooms, and showers, and storms prevail,
 And Ceres flies the naked field,
 And flowers, and fruits, and Phœbus fail?

Oh! what remains, what lingers yet,
 To cheer me in the darkening hour?
 The grape remains! the friend of wit,
 In love and mirth of mighty power.

Haste, press the clusters, fill the bowl—
 Apollo! shoot thy parting ray;
 This gives the sunshine of the soul,
 This God of health, and verse, and day.

Still, still the jocund strain shall flow,
 The pulse with vigorous rapture beat;
 My Stella with new charms shall glow,
 And every bliss in wine shall meet.

A U T U M N.

BY MR. BREREWOOD.

THo' the seasons must alter, ah ! yet let me find
 What all must confess to be rare,
 A female still cheerful, and faithful and kind,
 The blessings of autumn to share.

Let one side of our cottage, a flourishing vine
 Overspread with its branches, and shade;
 Whose clusters appear more transparent and fine,
 As its leaves are beginning to fade.

When the fruit makes the branches bend down with
 In our orchard surrounded with pales; [its load,
 In a bed of clean straw let our apples be stow'd,
 For a tart that in winter regales.

When the vapours that rise from the earth in the morn
 Seem to hang on its surface like smoke,
 'Till dispers'd by the sun that gilds over the corn,
 Within doors let us prattle and joke.

But when we see clear all the hues of the leaves,
 And at work in the fields are all hands,
 Some in reaping the wheat, others binding the sheaves,
 Let us carelessly strolè o'er the lands.

How pleasing the sight of the toiling they make,
 To collect what kind Nature has sent !
 Heaven grant we may not of their labour partake ;
 But, oh ! give us their happy content.

And sometimes on a bank, under shade, by a brook,
 Let us silently sit at our ease,
 And there gaze on the stream, till the fish on the hook
 Struggles hard to procure its release.

And now when the husbandman sings harvest home,
 And the corn's all got into the house ;
 When the long wish'd for time of their meeting is
 To frolic, and feast, and carouse ; [come,

When the leaves from the trees are begun to be shed,
 And are leaving the branches all bare,
 Either strew'd at the roots, shrivell'd, wither'd, and
 Or else blown to and fro in the air ; [dead,

When the ways are so miry, that bogs they might
 And the axle-tree's ready to break, [seem,
 While the waggoner whistles in stopping his team,
 And then claps the poor jades on the neck ;

In the morning let's follow the cry of the hounds,
 Or the fearful young covey beset ;
 Which, tho' skulking in stubble and weeds on the
 Are becoming a prey to the net. [grounds,

Let's enjoy all the pleasure retirement affords,
 Still amus'd with these innocent sports,
 Nor once envy the pomp of fine ladies and lords,
 With their grand entertainments in courts.

In the evening when lovers are leaning on stiles,
 Deep engag'd in some amorous chat,
 And 'tis very well known by his grin, and her smiles,
 What they both have a mind to be at;

To our dwelling, tho' homely, well-pleas'd to repair,
 Let our mutual endearments revive,
 And let no single action, or look, but declare,
 How contented and happy we live.

Should ideas arise that may ruffle the soul,
 Let soft music the phantoms remove,
 For 'tis harmony only has force to controul,
 And unite all the passions in love.

With her eyes but half open, her cap all awry,
 When the lass is preparing for bed;
 And the sleepy dull clown, who sits nodding just by,
 Sometimes rouzes and scratches his head.

In the night when 'tis cloudy, and rainy, and dark,
 And the labourers snore as they lie,
 Not a noise to disturb us, unless a dog bark
 In the farm, or the village hard by.

At the time of sweet rest, and of quiet like this,
 Ere our eyes are clos'd up in their lids,
 Let us welcome the season, and taste of that bliss,
 Which the sunshine and daylight forbids.

UPON MY HAIRS FALLING.

FEW and easy in your stay,
 Never curl'd, and hardly grey;
 Hairs, adieu! tho' falling all,
 Blameless, harmless, may you fall.
 Light and trifling tho' you be,
 More deserving poetry
 Than the dream of guilty power,
 Than the miser's gather'd ore,
 Than the world's most serious things,
 Murdering victors, haughty kings,
 If your moral fall presage
 Death, the certain end of age,
 If a single hint you give,
 Well to die, and soon to live.

AN EVENING ODE TO DELIA.

EVening now, from purple wings,
 Sheds the grateful gifts she brings;
 Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,
 Cooling breezes shake the reed,
 Shake the reed, and curl the stream,
 Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam:
 Near the chequer'd, lonely grove,
 Hears and keeps thy secrets, love.

Thither, Delia, let us stray
 Lightly o'er the dewy way;
 Phœbus drives his burning car,
 Hence, my lovely Delia, far:
 In his stead, the queen of night
 Sheds around a lambent light;
 Light that serves but just to show
 Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow.
 Let us there, in whisper'd joy,
 All the silent hours employ;
 Silence best, and dusky shades,
 Please the heart that love invades.
 Other passions then at rest,
 Love possesses all the breast.

REFLECTIONS ON A WATCH.

LET vain Philosophy hence learn to bind
 The lawless operations of the mind,
 And teach us to obey that Power unseen,
 That fram'd, and first inform'd, our wise machine;
 Then shall we know what schools have idly taught,
 To guide each act, and regulate each thought:
 Like this mechanic wonder shall we move,
 Unvaried by ambition, anger, love;
 Constant in each vicissitude of care,
 Not urg'd by hope, nor yet repress'd by fear;
 Alike in health, disease, in age or youth,
 Our equal judgment still will point at truth;
 No longer shall we live whole years in vain,
 Nor one sad hour be mark'd with grief or pain;
 Freedom and joy our measur'd time will fill,
 Guiltless, unerring, and assur'd our will,
 'Till the last pulse shall beat, and life stand still. }

A U T U M N.

I At my window sit, and see
 Autumn his russet fingers lay
 On every leaf of every tree,
 I call, but Summer will not stay.

She flies, the boasting Goddess flies,
 And, pointing where th' espaliers shoot,
 "Deserve my parting gift, she cries,
 "I take the leaves, but not the fruit."

Let me the parting gift improve,
 And emulate the just reply,
 As life's short seasons swift remove,
 Ere fix'd in winter's frost I lie.

Health, beauty, vigour, now decline,
 The pride of summer's splendid day,
 Leaves, which the stem must now resign,
 The mournful prelude of decay.

But let fair virtue's fruit remain,
 Tho' summer with my leaves be fled;
 Then, not despis'd, I'll not complain,
 But cherish autumn in her stead.

THE FIRE-SIDE:

A PARODY ON THE SECOND EPODE OF HORACE.

BY ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE, ESQ.

“**T**Hrice happy, who free from ambition and
 In a rural retreat, has a quiet fire-side; [pride,
 I love my fire-side, thither let me repair,
 And drink a delightful oblivion of care:
 Oh! when shall I 'scape to be truly my own,
 From the noise, and the smoke, and the bustle of
 Then I live, then I triumph, whene'er I retire [town.
 From the pomp and parade that the many admire:
 Hail yewwoods, and ye lawns, shady vales, sunny hills,
 And the warble of birds, and the murmur of rills,
 Ye flowers of all hues that embroider the ground,
 Flocks feeding, or frisking in gambols around;
 Scene of joy to behold! joy that who would forego,
 For the wealth and the power that a court can bestow:
 I have said it at home, I have said it abroad, [God;
 That the town is man's world, but that this is of
 Here my trees cannot flatter; plants, nurs'd by my
 care,
 Pay with fruit, or with fragrance, and incense the air;
 Here contemplative solitude raises the mind,
 (Least alone when alone) to ideas refin'd.

Methinks

Methinks hid in groves, which no sound can invade,
 Save when Philomel strikes up her sweet serenade,
 I revolve on the changes and chances of things,
 And pity the wretch, that attends upon kings.

Now I pass with old authors an indolent hour,
 And, reclining at ease, turn Demosthenes o'er;
 Now facetious and vacant, I urge the gay flask
 With a set of old friends—who have nothing to ask;
 Thus happy, I reckon not of France nor of Spain,
 Nor the balance of power what hand shall sustain.
 The balance of power! ha! till that is restor'd,
 What solid delight can retirement afford?
 Some must be content to be drudges of state,
 That the Sage may securely enjoy his retreat.
 In weather serene, when the ocean is calm,
 It matters not much who presides at the helm;
 But soon as clouds gather, and tempests arise,
 Then a pilot there needs; a man dauntless and wise.
 If such can be found, sure he ought to come forth,
 And lend to the public his talents and worth.
 Whate'er inclination or ease may suggest,
 If the state wants his aid, he has no claim to rest.
 But who is the man, a bad game to redeem?
 He whom Savoy admires, who has Prussia's esteem;
 Whom the Spaniards have felt; and whose iron, with
 dread,
 Haughty Lewis saw forging to fall on his head.

Holland

Holland loves him; nor less, in the North, all the
powers

Court, honour, revere; and the Empress adores.

Hark! what was that sound? for it seem'd more
sublime

Than befits the low genius of pastoral rhyme?

Was it Wisdom I heard? or can fumes of the brain

Cheat my ears with a dream? ha! repeat me that strain;

Yes, Wisdom, I hear thee; thou deign'st to declare

Me, me, the sole Atlas, to prop this whole sphere;

Thy voice says, or seems in sweet accents to say,

Haste, and save sinking Britain—Resign'd I obey;

And, O! witness, ye powers, that Ambition and

Pride

Have no share in this change—for I love my Fire-
Side!"

Thus the Shepherd; then, throwing his crook
away, steals

Direct to St. James's, and takes up the seals.

THE

THE DRYADS; OR WOOD-NYMPHS.

A PHILOSOPHICAL POEM.

BY MR. DIAPER.

*Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus**Vidi docentem (credite posteris)**Nymphasque discentes, et aures**Capripedum Satyrorum acutas.**Evæ! recenti mens trepidat metu.**Hor.*

Forgive, ye Nereids, if I sing no more
 The uncertain sea, but choose the safer shore,
 And leave the restless waves for steady hills,
 To sit on grassy plots, or dream by rills.

The wanton muse the meaner thorn prefers
 To coral twigs, and amber's costly tears;
 Again I may, when tir'd of leavy woods,
 Haste to the sea, and court the rolling floods.
 No lov'd amusement's here, but soon will cloy,
 The dearest bliss becomes a worthless toy,
 And we must shift our pleasures to enjoy.

Sick of the town, I left the busy place,
 Where deep concern broods on the thoughtful face;
 Where factious cits, with nods, and roguish leer,
 Are whispering nothing in attentive ear;

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Where

Where knaves strange lies invent, and fools retail,
 And home-made treason find in every mail:
 Falshoods their credit gain, tho' ill-contriv'd,
 And scandals, oft disprov'd, are still reviv'd;
 Imagin'd ills in frightful shapes appear,
 While present evils we with patience bear;
 Phantoms, and empty forms, are fear'd the most,
 As those who scorn'd the man, yet dread the ghost.

No longer plagued with faction, spleen and
 noise,

How was I blest'd, when first my ravish'd eyes
 Suck'd in the purer day, and saw unclouded skies?
 How happy, when I view'd the calm retreat,
 And groves o'erlook'd by Winchcomb's antient seat?
 Here the smooth * Kennet takes his doubtful way,
 In wanton rounds the lingering waters play,
 And by their circling streams prolong the grate-
 ful stay.

Here good old Chaucer whilom cheer'd the vale,
 And footely sung, and told the jocund tale.

Bright was the moon, and her reflected beams
 Spangled the dewy leaves with trembling gleams;
 While stars, by conscious twinklings, seem'd to
 What waking lovers acted here below. [know
 Careless I walk'd, where prowling beasts had made
 A path, that led thro' a lone silent glade.

* A river in Berkshire.

The moon, with doubtful rays, deceiv'd the sight,
 And waving boughs gave an uncertain light.
 When my chill'd spirits sunk with sudden fear,
 And trembling horror bid the search forbear;
 My heedless steps had touch'd the hallow'd ground,
 Where airy demons dance the wanton round;
 Where fairy elves, and midnight Dryads meet,
 And to the moon the sylvan song repeat.
 Tall rifted oaks, and circling elms had made
 A central void amidst surrounding shade,
 With hollow vaulted cells, and rising heaps,
 In which by day the wearied badger sleeps.
 Thick thorny brakes grew round the lonesome place,
 And twining boughs enclos'd the middle space.
 Here Dryads in nocturnal revels join,
 While stars thro' shaking leaves obscurely shine:
 And here I saw (blest'd with a kinder fate)
 Where in a beauteous ring the nymphs were fate:
 Well-pleas'd the Elfin smile'd, but she, who guards
 Pomaceous fruits, and orchard-cares rewards,
 Down pensive lean'd her head; no ruddy streaks
 Mixt with the languid paleness of her cheeks:
 Cast on the ground her wither'd garland lay,
 Whose shrivell'd leaves seem'd conscious of decay.
 Thyrsis, that much-lov'd youth, the goddess mourn'd,
 Thyrsis, who once Silurian plains adorn'd;
 The rural powers confess'd their meaner lays,
 When Thyrsis sung, and own'd his juster praise;

He Ariconian swains industrious taught
 To strain rich must, and press the racy draught;
 Since he is gone, the trees are all decay'd,
 With moss bedight, and blossoms ill-array'd.
 The pensive owner mourns the tedious weeks,
 And wants the generous bowl, that paints the
 flushing cheeks.

Men led by sense, and partial to themselves,
 Nor roving demons own, nor wandering elves:
 But who can know th' intelligible race,
 Or guess the powers that fill th' aerial space!
 Oft the tir'd horse is forc'd to scour the plain,
 When Fairies ride, fix'd in his twisted mane:
 And I, ye Gods! have wondrous circles seen,
 Where wanton sprites in midnight dance have
 been,
 And press'd their rounding steps on every new-
 mow'd green.

Ye demons, who in lonely forests rove,
 And friendly powers, that human arts improve,
 Ye careful Genii, that o'er men preside,
 Direct their counsels, and their actions guide;
 The grateful Muse shall your assistance own,
 And tell of heavenly forms, as yet unknown;
 (Bless'd beings, whom no earthy fetters bind,
 Nor to the pressing weight of clay confin'd!
 Of unmixt ether form'd, their beauty fears
 No pale disease, nor change of coming years.)

Be

Be kind, ye powers, and tune my artless tongue,
While I repeat the Dryads pleasing song.

Napé began ; a nymph with careless mien,
Clad like autumnal leaves in yellowish green :
Her round plump cheeks a deeper purple dy'd,
Such as ripe fruits boast on their sunny side :
A wreath of platted moss curl'd round her head,
Cheerful she smil'd, and thus the Elfin said :

“ Tall fycamores, the noisy insects love,
And buzzing round the leaves incessant move ;
While the day lasts, the worthless creatures play,
And mourn the evening dusk, and wing their silent
way.

But forest nymphs prefer the peaceful night,
When solemn gloom, and dewy seats invite.
While drowzy man in sleep unactive rests,
Not half so happy as the watchful beasts,
Who silent leave their dens, and secret home,
And, on the prey intent, thro' all the forest roam.
The raging sun, with his too scorching beams,
Burns up the herbs, and lessens all the streams ;
But the kind moon reflects a milder ray,
And makes a night more lovely than the day ;
Nor darts fierce flame, but innocently bright
Leaves all the fire, and gives the purer light ;
No noisome vapour, or dark cloud exhales,
But gentle drops, fresh dews, and pleasing gales.

So woman is but rougher man refin'd,
 Has nought of him that's fierce, but all that's kind.
 Now falling drops like shining pearls are seen,
 And dewy spangles hang on every green :
 Refreshing moisture cools the thirsty mead,
 Extends the stalk, and swells th' unfolded seed ;
 Restores the verdure of the tarnish'd leaves,
 And every herb the ripening juice receives.
 Day always is the same, but wanton night
 Boasts a more grateful change of harmless light.
 Below, the glow-worms, wondrous orbs, are seen,
 That stud with burnish'd gold the shaded green :
 These little wandering comets never shed
 Or baneful ill, or dire contagion spread ;
 Their shining tails foretel no falling state,
 Nor future dearth, nor sad disease create.
 Bright lambent flames, and kindled vapours rise,
 Sweep glaring thro' the dusk, and strike the wondering eyes.

In oblique tracks the meteors blaze around,
 And skim the surface of the marshy ground,
 Unseen by day, when, tyrant-like, the sun,
 Envious, admits no splendor but his own.
 The liquid drops, that ooze from weeping trees,
 And sparkling stones with star-like lustre please ;
 Even sapless wood, improv'd by age, grows bright,
 And, what it wants in moisture, gains in light.

While

While ripen'd fruits, and milder seasons last,
 And only empty clouds the skies o'ercast,
 Nymphs in lone deserts chant the rural lay,
 'Till the wing'd Hours bring on returning day.
 But when fierce wintery storms the forest rend,
 And rattling hail, or fleecy snows descend;
 When conscious birds, who know succeeding times,
 Haste from the cold, and seek for milder climes;
 The Elfin powers (who can at pleasure leave
 Aerial bodies, and new forms receive)
 Cast off their vehicles, and freed from sense,
 Nor dread the storms, nor cold, when too intense.
 The earthy Gnomes, and Fairy Elves are seen
 Digging in lowest mines with busy men;
 There labour, on the fruitless work intent,
 While deeper snows the wonted dance prevent:
 But foolish swains the blooming Spring prefer,
 The infant glory of the budding year;
 Nature, as yet, is but imperfect seen,
 And her weak products show a rawish green:
 The flowers look gay, but lovely Autumn treats
 With ripen'd beauties, and substantial sweets;
 Nor wants its flowers, while poppies grace the corn,
 And azure cups the waving fields adorn.
 Fruits lov'd by rustic tastes, of pleasing show,
 On the wild hedge, and scented briar grow;
 And yellow leaves, the fairy Elfin's bed,
 Fly with the wind, and on the ground are spread.

The frisking Satyrs squeeze the cluster'd grape,
 And the chaste Dryad fears the coming rape :
 Ripe mellow heaps from every tree are shook,
 And bending corn expects the sharpen'd hook ;
 Soon will the nodding sheaves be borne away,
 And the drawn net inclose th' unguarded prey.
 The friendly powers, who labouring peasants aid,
 Nymphs, and light fawns, frequent the woody shade ;
 But oft curs'd fiends quit their infernal home,
 And (hated guests) in gloomy forests roam,
 With glaring eyes affright the howling beasts,
 And little birds shrink closer in their nests.
 Earth would be heaven, if we might here enjoy
 Pleasure unmixt, and leave the base alloy.
 The greatest good has its attending ill,
 And doubtful bliss distracts th' uncertain will.
 So teeming Autumn boasts her luscious fruits,
 And plants of grateful taste, and healing roots ;
 But ripens with like care the growing seeds
 Of baneful aconite, and noxious weeds.
 The deadly nightshade wanton youth deceives
 With shining berries, and with spreading leaves ;
 Th' accursed fruit invites with pleasing show,
 Fair as the damask, or the sky-dy'd sloe ;
 But ah ! not rashly trust the tempting ills ;
 Too well you know, that beauty often kills :

Swift

Swift thro' the bones the spreading venom flies,
 A deadly sleep hangs on his closing eyes,
 And the lost wretch in raging frenzy dies. }
 Now round its pole the spiral hop entwists,
 Like Thyrsi, borne by Bacchus' antient priests.
 The husband elm supports th' embracing vines,
 And round its oak the ivy closer twines.
 To Bacchus sacred all, and prone to love,
 They show what fuel must the flame improve;
 Love, blind himself, the mark would hardly know,
 But Bacchus takes the aim, and sets the bow.
 Autumnal days a constant medium boast,
 Nor chap the ground with heat, nor dry with frost.
 Nature on all her finish'd labour smiles,
 And the glad peasant reaps the grateful spoils;
 Winds shake the ripen'd seeds on parent earth,
 And thus impregnate for succeeding birth.
 The tufted cod with future harvest swells,
 While weighty seeds fall from their native cells,
 And near their mother-stem : but smaller kinds,
 Far from their homes, are borne by sweeping winds;
 The atoms fly, wafted on every breeze,
 Hence mossy threads enwrap the tallest trees;
 Herbs of strange forms on highest rocks are found,
 And spreading fern runs o'er the barren ground.
 But, Goddess, you neglect your wonted care,
 (While blighted orchards mourn, the nymphs de-
 spair;)

Nor

Nor love (as once) to see the handed bowls,
 When tipling rustics cheer their drougthy souls,
 And tread with faltring steps th' unequal ground,
 While humble cots with wayward mirth resound.
 Succeeding bards, in rural secrets skill'd,
 Shall teach the swain t' enrich the barren field;
 The prophet's inspiration never ends,
 But with a double portion still descends.
 Poets, like rightful kings, can never die,
 Heaven's sacred ointment will the throne supply,
 And Tityrus, when he draws his latest breath,
 Will to some darling youth the valued pipe bequeath.
 So tuneful insects, fed by morning dew,
 Who in warm meads the daily song renew;
 (True poets they) laugh at approaching want,
 And careless sing, and mock the labouring ant;
 But soon bleak colds the wanton throng surprize,
 And the whole race (ah! too unpitied) dies:
 And yet returning heat, and sultry days,
 Restore the species, and new songsters raise.
 The Goddess will not long forget her care,
 But loss of fruit with future crops repair.
 No more shall blasting winds the harvest grieve,
 Or blighted buds autumnal hopes deceive.
 The youth, well-pleas'd, will daily thanks repeat,
 While laden branches groan beneath their weight.
 As from salt waves are drawn the sweeter rains,
 And cheerful streams, that swell the fatten'd plains,

So

So from our griefs succeeding pleasures flow;
 Grafted on crabs the fairest apples grow.
 Bitters and sweets in the same cup are thrown,
 And prickly thistles have the softest down."

Thus said the nymph, and Psecas thus replied,
 Psecas, who gives the herbs their various pride:
 She Nature aids, and is the sylvan power,
 That shapes the leaf, and paints the woody flower:
 She blanches lillies to their loveliest white,
 Whose skin-like beauty pleases human sight:
 Hence the blue vervains grace the humble shade,
 And drowzy poppies are in scarlet clad:
 Unerring forms the growing plant receives,
 She rounds the stem, and points th' indented leaves.

"Who (said the nymph) would sing of bleating
 flocks,
 Or hanging goats that browse on craggy rocks?
 When antient bards have rifled all the store,
 And the drain'd subject can afford no more.
 Nor Cuddy now, nor Colin would engage;
 Eclogue but ill becomes a warlike age.
 In antient times the shepherd's song would please,
 When pious kings enjoy'd the shepherd's ease,
 And monarchs sat beneath the shadowing trees.
 When those first happier ages were no more,
 But curst ambition still increas'd with power;
 When crouded towns fill'd the deserted plain,
 And craving passions a new life began,

The

The peaceful woods were not so soon forgot,
 Th' uneasy soul her wonted pleasure sought:
 Reason, when free and undisturb'd, approves
 The pleasing pensiveness of thoughtful groves:
 Hence twisted bowers, and cooling grots were made
 To imitate, at least, the rural shade.
 But men, by furies urg'd, and curst by fate,
 All that is calm and inoffensive hate;
 Guilt must prevail, and bloodshed never cease;
 Nations are said to be undone by peace.
 Too well you know, who oft, unseen, repair
 To whispering courts, enwrapp'd in finest air;
 In closets sit, and unsuspected hear
 What the great vulgar feign, the little fear.
 By night, while swains dream of successful loves,
 The Forest-Genii wanton in their groves,
 And o'er the platted heath the Fairy-Demon roves: }
 But, when grey dawn awakes from pleasing rest
 The yawning peasant, and disturbs the beast,
 Thro' streets, and noisy crowds, they range unknown,
 And mark the conduct of the factious town.
 Britannia's sons, like those of monstrous birth,
 When serpents teeth were sown in furrow'd earth;
 Enflam'd with rage, and prone to mutual hate,
 With baneful strife distract th' endanger'd state.
 War is now thought the panaceal good;
 Quacks know no other cure but letting blood,

Even

Even when th' expiring wretch already faints,
And not a lancet, but a cordial wants.

Those who could wish all temples shut beside,
Ne'er think the gates of Janus set too wide;
For endless slaughter, as a blessing pray; [lay!]
Farewell the humble muse, and shepherd's peaceful

She said, and all the nymphs with sorrow heard,
When, clad in white, an heavenly form appear'd;
A leavy crown adorn'd her radiant head,
Majestic were her looks, and thus she said:

“ Unbodied powers are not confin'd to floods,
To purling rivulets, or to shady woods.
Kind demons on ungrateful man attend,
Observe his steps, and watch the hated fiend.
The same good Genii guard the harmless sheep,
When wearied Damon lies in thoughtless sleep;
The same, whose influence aids th' unsettled state,
And gladly hastens on the work of fate.
Rome's second king enjoy'd a fairy dame,
To lonely woods the royal pupil came;
To Numa's lessons, and the Elfin-Bride,
Rome all her grandeur ow'd, and future pride.
Bless'd powers, and beings of the highest rank,
Nor love the flowing stream, nor flowery bank.
Clad in ethereal light, the purer mind
Scorns the base earth, and was for heaven design'd.
Inferior orders have a meaner home,
And here in wilds, and woody mazes roam.

To

To learned Magi we strange spells impart,
 Mysteries disclose, and tell the secret art.
 With sacred mistletoe the Druids crown'd, [round,
 Sung with the nymphs, and danc'd the pleasing
 But vulgar thoughts confound celestial forms
 With envious fiends, who raise destructive storms;
 And harmless elves, that scuttle o'er the plain,
 Are rank'd with furies doom'd to endless pain.
 Mortals, to earth and mean delights inclin'd,
 No pleasure in abstracted notions find:
 Uplust to higher truths will not believe
 Aught can exist, but what their eyes perceive;
 Tho' to good demons they their safety owe,
 Few are those happy, who their guardians know.
 But hear, ye nymphs; indulge no causeless fears,
 I know the lasting joys of coming years.
 I, Britain's kind Egeria, will protect
 The loyal patriot, and his schemes direct.
 All do not hate the plain, nor fly the woods;
 Fields have their lovers, and the groves their gods.
 If Bolingbroke and Oxford, with a smile,
 Reward the song, nor scorn the meaner style;
 Each bleeding tree shall tell the shepherd's flame,
 And in its wounds preserve the growing name.
 Swains to transmitted pipes shall long succeed,
 And sort with artful hand th' unequal reed.
 The birds on every bough will listening throng,
 And noisy, strive to drown the envied song.

OT

Echo

Echo to distant rocks shall waft the tale,
 And reach with borrow'd sounds the lowest vale;
 While the glad lambs pursue the circling round,
 Frisk wanton, and o'er grassy ridges bound.
 Would * he again the better choice approve,
 Who once of Henry sung, and Emma's love;
 Would he (a grateful guest) to woods repair,
 And private ease prefer to public care,
 The nymphs would learn his song, their own forget,
 And little fawns the moving tale repeat.
 Peace from neglected pipes will wipe the dust,
 When useless arms are doom'd to cankering rust.
 No dreaded sounds shall scare the finny race,
 Or fright the Triton from his lov'd embrace.
 The busy Naiads cleanse polluted floods,
 And nymphs frequent the long-deserted woods.
 The river-gods hug the declining urn;
 All to their streams, or to their shades return.
 When civil wars disturb'd the Roman state,
 And Brutus hasten'd on his juster fate;
 While false-nam'd liberty, and doubtful claim,
 Madd'd the world, and fann'd Alecto's flame;
 The swain was injur'd, and his song forgot,
 And Tityrus only by his flocks was sought.
 But when Octavius had the nations freed,
 And every realm its rightful lord obey'd;

* Prior.

The

The God look'd down on the neglected groves,
 And deign'd to hear of peace, and softer loves;
 Fields and their owners were with leisure blest'd,
 And Mantua's shepherd had his wrongs redress'd.
 So first the mountain tops are touch'd with light,
 And from the gloomy vales the swain invite;
 While mists below, and intervening clouds,
 Cast a deep dusk on all the frowning woods.
 The shaded meadows view, with envy, round
 The distant splendor of the rising ground;
 But soon the spreading rays, expanded, move,
 And, streaming like a deluge from above,
 Sweep o'er the gladsome field, and dart thro' }
 every grove.

By foreign wars intestine factions thrive,
 The dam destroy'd, the imps not long survive;
 Tumultuous hurry an advantage gives
 Both to the little, and the greater thieves.
 A guilty act is in confusion hid,
 When busy times a nicer search forbid;
 So crafty fish, of clearer streams afraid,
 Lie hid in eddies, which themselves have made.
 Touch'd with the rose, the jetty beetle dies,
 And from the spicy hills the vultur flies;
 So baser souls abhor the sweets of peace,
 Whose private gains by public loss increase.
 When noisy storms deluge the dropping leaves,
 The pensive lark retires, and silent grieves;

But

But chattering birds joy at th' expected flood,
 And with mixt clamours watch the teeming cloud;
 For then (a grateful prey) the horned snail,
 And worms, o'er moisten'd clouds, their folding
 bodies trail.

Designing men the public welfare hate,
 Who cannot rise but on a ruin'd state.
 Base souls will always keep their native stain,
 And rooted passions will th' ascendant gain.
 The worm, when once become a spotted fly,
 And, borne on gaudy wings, it mounts on high,
 Unchang'd admires the ordure, whence it sprung,
 And feeds with pleasure on its native dung.
 But steady patriots will just schemes pursue,
 Nor fear the rage of the discarded few,
 Who, prone to causeless change, unwearied strive,
 Old crimes repeat, and baffled plots revive.
 Eternal infamy rewards their pains,
 And, tho' the flame is out, the stench remains.
 What specious-colour'd fraud, or secret snare,
 Can St. John's prudence 'scape, or Oxford's care?
 Diseases oft prove fatal, when conceal'd,
 But ripen'd sores, if lanc'd, are soonest heal'd.
 Slow Lentulus, and rash Cethegus join,
 And with ambitious Catiline combine;
 Wretches who, only in destruction skill'd,
 Try to pull down, what they could never build;

But, when intent to spring the sudden mine,
 One Cicero can blast the base design.
 So when black storms cast up the boiling deep,
 And envious winds disturb the Triton's sleep;
 The shepherd, who the watry conflict hears,
 Shuddering at distance, for his pasture fears;
 Thinks with himself, when will the tumult cease,
 Or what kind power can warring floods appease?
 But th' ocean-gods, rous'd from their oozy beds,
 The trident grasp, and nod their reedy heads;
 The waves rebuk'd, fear to approach the shore,
 And all is hush'd, and winds are heard no more.
 Peace guides her steps, as St. John leads the way,
 And all her little Loves around him play:
 When he arriv'd, France (the first time) confess'd
 Her court eclips'd by a politer guest;
 Unwilling own'd Britannia has her charms,
 And is as strong in eloquence, as arms.
 When St. John speaks, who would refuse to hear?
 Mars smoothes his brow, and Pallas drops her spear:
 A thousand graces on his lips are hung,
 And Suada sips her nectar from his tongue.
 When wild suspicions cause distracting hate,
 And party-clamours sway the warm debate;
 Such eloquence the tumult over-rules,
 Like falling drops, it softens, and it cools;
 It calms th' enrag'd, and draws the stubborn minds,
 And to th' unwilling breast a passage finds;

Nervous

Nervous; yet smooth, the heart it gently steals,
 Like wine it sparkles, but like oil it heals.
 He with his country shares one common fate,
 All St. John love, but who Britannia hate.
 Kennet of late neglects his broken urn,
 And St. John's absence all the Dryads mourn.
 Not Gallus once in woods was so belov'd,
 Whose suckless flame the nymphs to pity mov'd.
 Heaven has its chosen favourites, and on those,
 With partial hand, its doubled gift bestows:
 While common souls, like coarser stuffs laid by,
 Are not prepar'd to take the brighter dye.
 The kingly oaks engross the honey'd dews,
 Whose viscous sweets the meaner shrubs refuse;
 And every neighbouring tree neglected grieves,
 But willing spreads in vain its tasteless leaves.
 St. John the woods, and breezy forest loves,
 Where Nature's pride presuming art reproves.
 New beauties show themselves to nearer views,
 And themes untouch'd expect the skilful muse;
 The vegetable worlds neglected lie,
 And flowers ungather'd fall, and nameless die.
 Thousands escape, hid in the pressing throng,
 Unknown to Macer's, or to Cowley's song.
 You, Psecas, know, in seedy labour skill'd,
 What various herbage fatten'd pastures yield,
 And what unnumber'd kinds adorn the field,

Whose fading beauties pass without regard,
While every drooping herb upbraids the bard.
What learned song will Nature's care impart,
By what kind instinct, and unstudied art,
The numerous natives of the sheltering wood
Avoid their dangers, or procure their food?
What verse has told, how smaller rivals wage
Unequal war, and with the toad engage?
They, Argus-like, are set around with eyes,
And, hung on filken threads, the foe surprize;
Spit on the poisonous wretch more deadly bane,
Who, deeply-wounded, feels the raging pain.
Swift up her pendent womb Arachne climbs,
While he scarce trails along his tortur'd limbs;
But careful will the healing plantain find,
(Plantain to undeserving creatures kind)
Whose sovereign herb the venom'd juice expels,
And now the bloated wretch with innate poison
swells.

Or how the speckled snakes their prey surprize,
And with hot fennel rub their weaker eyes ;
They, when the bloom of warmer spring begins,
Cast off, as worn-out cloaths, their sloughy skins ;
With early youth, returning vigour blest,
Brandish the tongue, and raise the azure crest.
Ants prudent bite the ends of hoarded wheat,
Lest growing feeds their future hopes defeat ;

And

And when they conscious scent the gathering rains,
 Draw down their windy eggs, and pilfer'd grains;
 With summer's toil, and ready viands fill
 The deepest caverns of their puny hill;
 There lie secure, and hug their treasur'd goods,
 And, safe in labour'd cells, they mock the coming
 floods.

A thousand kinds unknown in forests breed,
 And bite the leaves, and notch the growing weed;
 Have each their several laws, and settled states,
 And constant sympathies, and constant hates;
 Their changing forms no artful verse describes,
 Or how fierce war destroys the wandering tribes.
 How prudent Nature feeds her various young,
 Has been, if not untold, at least unsung.
 To th' insect-race the Muse her aid denies,
 While prouder men the little ant despise.
 But tho' the bulky kinds are easy known,
 Yet Nature's skill is most in little shown;
 Beside that man, by some kind demon taught,
 Has secrets found, that were of old unsought.
 Labourious wights have wonderous optics made,
 Whose borrow'd sight the curious searcher aid,
 And show, what heaven to common view denies,
 Strange puny shapes, unknown to vulgar eyes.
 So shadowy forms, and sportive demons fly,
 Wafted on winds, and not perceiv'd when nigh;

Unseen they sweep along the grassy plains,
 And scud unseen before the whistling swains.
 But to those seers, in northern isles confin'd,
 Inur'd to cold, and harden'd by the wind,
 Th' indulgent powers have given a second sight,
 That kens the airy sylph, and wandering sprite.
 No flitting elf the subtle eye escapes,
 When wanton genii sport in antic shapes.
 Men Nature, in her secret work, behold,
 Untwist her fibres, and her coats unfold;
 With pleasure trace the threads of stringy roots,
 The various textures of the ripening fruits;
 And animals, that careless live at ease,
 To whom the leaves are worlds, the drops are seas.
 If to the finish'd whole so little goes,
 How small the parts that must the whole compose!
 Matter is infinite, and still descends:
 Man cannot know where lessening Nature ends.
 The azure dye, which plums in autumn boast,
 That handled fades, and at a touch is lost,
 Of fairest show, is all a living heap;
 And round their little world, the monsters creep.
 Who would on colour dote, or pleasing forms,
 If beauty, when discover'd, is but worms?
 When the warm spring puts forth the opening bud,
 The waken'd insects find their ready food;
 But when the summer-days dilate the gem,
 Stretch out the leaves, and fix the growing stem,
They

They die unknown, and numerous kinds succeed,
 That bask in flowers, or eat the ranker weed;
 Wanton in sultry heat, and keep their place,
 'Till autumn-fruits produce a different race.
 But tho' a thousand themes invite the Muse,
 Yet greater subjects will from mean excuse;
 They claim the grateful song, whose prudent care
 Has quench'd the wasting flames of endless war.
 Late civil rage alarm'd the trembling woods,
 And bursting sulphur scar'd the sylvan-gods.
 War fell'd the trees, and spreading havock made,
 The nymphs could hardly find a sheltering shade.
 Now, with less frightful sounds the fields are blest,
 The swains have leisure, and the land has rest.
 Faction, that Hydra,* is no longer fear'd,
 Her heads are lopp'd, and all the wounds are fear'd:
 When innovating schemes successless prove,
 They do but fasten, what they would remove.
 So restless winds would fly without restraint,
 Sweep down the corn, and bend the growing plant;
 But taller trees withstand their giddy haste,
 And break the fury of the coming blast;
 They angry tear the leaves, and blight the fruit,
 But strengthen while they shake, and fix the spreading
 Be still, ye aspin-boughs, nor restless scare, [root.
 With busy trembling leaves, the listening hare;
 And cease, ye insects, who, to plants unkind,
 Or gnaw the root, or bite the softer rind;

Silent attend, while I Britannia bless,
 And sing the future joys of lasting peace.
 Victoria long her fruitless labour mourn'd;
 Without effect her annual work return'd.
 One blow to Cæsar gave the destin'd throne;
 Philippi made the Roman power his own.
 Swift as a ray, shot from the rising sun,
 Pella's immortal youth his Persia won.
 But conquest now is stopp'd by every fort;
 Bloodshed is cheap, and war becomes a sport;
 In vain the captains fall, the heroes bleed;
 Fresh victims to the sacrifice succeed.
 So doubtful hills the wearied pilgrim sees,
 And flattering prospects give a fancied ease;
 Delusive hopes compel his fainting feet
 'To climb th' ascent, and pass the steepy height:
 'That summit gain'd, far distant mountains rise,
 Whose towering ridges meet the sorrowing eyes, }
 And, pain renew'd, the wish'd-for rest denies.
 Ten years could Hector coming fate retard,
 And from th' insulting Greek his Ilium guard.
 Yet waving heaps, as antient ballads tell,
 The doubtful ruins of old Troy conceal;
 Now ten campaigns, and battles yearly won,
 Transfer no kingdom, and no king dethrone.
 But pitying Anna ends the fruitless toil,
 Blood shall no more enrich Flanderian soil.

From her the injur'd States expect redress;
 She, who maintain'd the war, must make the peace.
 She gives the power, whatever side prevails,
 Where-e'er the balance is, she holds the scales.
 To her they all commit their common cause,
 She sets their limits, and confirms their laws;
 Portions divides, and gives to each his share,
 The right of birth, or the reward of war.
 All must the just impartial hand acquit,
 And those who causeless murmur — will submit.
 So when th' Almighty, with an awful nod,
 Made the rude Chaos own a greater God,
 The blended elements, that long had strove,
 Would not so ready join in mutual love:
 But, first, the purer parts their places took,
 And subtle fire the meaner mass forsook:
 The war continued with the baser kind,
 While seas were loth to be by shores confin'd,
 Or earth to have the lowest place assign'd. }
 Anna has long enrich'd the powers allied,
 Their want of treasure, and of troops supplied;
 Yet they, as wrong'd, with awkward state complain,
 Insatiate thirst! and would new empires gain.
 So wanton children sport in careless play,
 And slumbering lie, or toy the hours away;
 Heedless they live, nor sweat for daily bread,
 Yet cry, and murmur, if they are not fed.

The Belgic states forget their former moan,
 But, swoln with bloated pride, and mighty grown,
 New conquests seek, and deem the world their
 own.

Nor ravish'd seas, nor India's spicy plants,
 Content their wishes, or suffice their wants.
 So when fierce rains wash down the lessen'd hills,
 And redden'd floods increase the swelling rills;
 The swift united streams haste to the plain,
 And swampy meads the gathering waters drain.
 Each neighbouring hill, and every rising mound,
 Barrens itself t' enrich the lower ground :
 No moisture can suffice th' insatiate weeds,
 Cresses, and filmy rush, and flaggy reeds.
 Sunk in their slime, the marshy vales below
 Scorn those, to whom their herbs such rankness owe;
 Their subject state they confident deny,
 And lowest fens will call themselves the High;
 Cease, ye unthinking hills, and strive no more
 To swell th' ungrateful bogs with a too lavish store.
 The foreign realms, whom Anna's arms sustain'd,
 Now boast of power, as they before complain'd,
 So he, who basely tempts the virtuous dame,
 In softer words conceals the guilty flame;
 The trembling suppliant her resentment fears,
 And adds to moving words more moving tears:
 But if the fair refuse with juster pride,
 And prudent scorn, what ought to be denied;

The

The ravisher confess'd resumes the sword,
 And rudely threatens, whom he once ador'd.
 But none will long the offer'd peace refuse,
 Lest what was conquer'd, they as certain lose.
 In vain the hireling troops their courage boast,
 Victoria sees not there her favourite host.
 The German chief retir'd, nor could pursue
 The well-laid schemes his warlike fancy drew.

Men cannot guess th' events of future time,
 Ambition is the growth of every clime;
 None can the rise or fall of empires know,
 Where power now ebbs, it may as sudden flow.
 Gallia has oft, and oft has haughty Spain,
 Indulg'd their hopes of universal reign,
 And in revolving years may oft again. }
 The Gods awhile seem to deserve no less,
 And, smiling, flatter princes with success.
 By wondrous turns the heavenly powers are known,
 And baffled schemes superior guidance own.
 Heaven has set bounds to every rising state,
 And kingdoms have their barriers fix'd by fate.
 An infant will the Gallic prince succeed,
 The sword is sheath'd; no more the nations bleed.
 That kingdom hardly can itself defend,
 Where children reign, and factious lords contend.
 Once Gallia's shore to Albion's cliffs was join'd,
 'Till seas grew rough, and Nereus was unkind;

Tho'

Tho' lengthen'd wars may some distrust create,
 And sow the spreading seeds of vulgar hate;
 Again they may a stricter union prove,
 And join in mutual aid, and mutual love.
 Nor shall the British line ensurance need,
 Or Belgic powers determine, who succeed.
 For monarchy is heaven's peculiar care,
 But foreign aid is worse than civil war.
 The promis'd succour is an handle made,
 And a pretended reason to invade;
 When crafty Hengist with his Saxons came
 To aid the isle, and fix the doubtful claim;
 The easy Britains the false friend believ'd,
 And with fond joy the hostile troops receiv'd:
 But Druids, taught by Nymphs, repining fate,
 And saw the coming ills, and knew Britannia's fate.
 And now the British fleets in southern seas,
 With spreading sails the wondering Nereids please:
 In havens, erst unknown, they proudly ride,
 While the glad Tritons force the lazy tide:
 Toss'd with fresh gales the wanton streamers flow,
 Nor dread the storms above, nor rocks below:
 The powers protect, who rule the restless sea,
 And winds themselves their steerage will obey.
 The Nymphs shall hide no more from human sight
 But with their loveliest forms the bard invite:
 Swift Fawns in open view shall scour the plains,
 And be, as once, familiar with the swains:

The

The harmless elves, in every meadow seen,
 Will dance at mid-day on the public green :
 Pan, and the shepherd-youth shall loving sit
 Beneath one tree, and sport in rustic wit ;
 In the same shade alternate songs repeat, [teat.
 While Ægle helps the maid to press the streaming
 But now the huntsman takes his usual round,
 While listening foxes hear th' unwelcome sound ;
 And early peasants, who prevent the day,
 May hither chance unweening guide their way ;
 For see—the grayish edge of dawn appears,
 Night her departure mourns in dewy tears.
 The goblins vanish, and the Elfin queen
 Foregoes the pleasures of the trampled green.
 Nature's unwilling to be rous'd so soon,
 And earth looks pale on the declining moon ;
 The nimble hours dress out th' impatient sun,
 While rising fogs, and whispering gales fore-run.
 The bats, a doubtful kind, begin their sleep,
 And to their cells the darken'd glow-worms creep ;
 The coming day, the conscious insects grieve,
 And with slow haste the grateful herbage leave,
 Wreath o'er the grass, and the moist path pursue,
 Streaking with viscous slime the shining dew ;
 In some close shade a friendly covert find,
 And parent earth receives the reptile kind.
 Guilt, and the day disturb the wily snakes,
 And urchins hide their theft in thorny brakes.

All

All fly the sun, and seek a cool retreat,
Nor envy swarms, who joy in scorching heat."

She said, and sudden all the Elfin Fair
Vanish'd unseen, and mixt with trackless air.

But thou, O Wyndham, who didst ne'er disdain
The shepherd's gift, nor scorn the rural strain;
(Tho' to no pompous sound the ear inclines,
While the mean sense is propt by stronger lines)
Accept the sylvan song—

With pleasing look the fearful bard receive;
You bad him first the humble cottage leave;
Ready to praise, and willing to excuse,
You gave assurance to the bashful Muse.
How would I now describe a generous mind,
Improv'd by study, and by courts refin'd?
But you (ah! too resolv'd) will not allow
The verse to tell, what men already know;
Envy itself their conduct must approve,
Whom the prince honours, and the people love.
Tho' you, in this, unkind deny the bard
The only subject can his pains reward,
You cannot make the tuneful Dryads cease,
For Goddesses will sing of whom they please;
Long will the grateful woods your name repeat,
And Wyndham be the theme, when next the Dryads
meet.

THE OAK AND DUNGHILL.

A FABLE.

Et vincere inglorium, et atteri fordidum, arbitrabatur.

TACITUS.

ON a fair mead a dunghill lay,
 That rotting smoak'd, and stunk away;
 To an excessive bigness grown,
 By nightmen's labours on him thrown.
 Ten thousand nettles from him sprung;
 Who ever came but near was stung.
 Nor ever fail'd he to produce
 The baneful hemlock's deadly juice:
 Such as of old at Athens grew,
 When patriots thought it Phocion's due;
 And for the man its poison prest,
 Whose merit shone above the rest.

Not far from hence, strong-rooted stood
 A sturdy oak; itself a wood!
 With friendly height, o'ertopt the grove,
 And look'd the favourite tree of Jove.
 Beneath his hospitable shade,
 The shepherds all at leisure play'd;
 They fear'd no storms of hail, or rain;
 His boughs protected all the plain:

Gave

Gave verdure to the grass around,
And beautified the neighbouring ground.

The gracious landlord joy'd to see
The prosperous vigour of his tree ;
And often sought, when in distress,
This oak's oracular redress :

Sprung from the fam'd Dodonian grove,
Which told to men the will of Jove.
His boughs he oft with chaplets crown'd,
With azure ribbons wreath'd them round ;
And there, in golden letters wrought,
" Ill to the man, who evil thought."

With envious rage, the dunghill view'd
Merit, with honour, thus pursued :
Th' injustice of the times he moan'd ;
With inward jealousy he groan'd.
A voice at length pierc'd thro' the smoke,
And thus, the patriot dunghill spoke :

" If a proud look forerun a fall,
And insolence for vengeance call ;
Dost thou not fear, insulting oak !
The just, th' impending hatchet's stroke ?
When all the farmers of the town,
Shall come, with joy, to pull thee down ;
And wear thy leaves, all blithe, and gay,
Some happy Restoration Day :
For 'tis reserv'd to those good times,
To punish all thy matchless crimes.

Beyond

Beyond the Alps, my mind now sees
 The man, shall fell such traytor trees.
 To heaven, 'tis true, thy branches grow;
 But thy roots stretch to hell below.
 Oh! that my utterance could keep pace
 In cursing thee, and all thy race!
 Thou plunderer! grown rich by crimes:
 Thou Wolsey of these modern times!
 Thou curst Sejanus of the plain!
 Thou slave, of a Tiberian reign!
 Empson and Dudley!—Star and garter!—
 A Knez!—a Menzicoff!—a Tartar!”

Th' astonish'd farmers all around
 Stood gaping, at th' impetuous sound;
 The dunghill in high triumph lay,
 And swore the oak had nought to say.
 His work was done;—the farmers all
 Might gather round, and see him fall.
 Not so th' event—the oak was seen
 To flourish more, in fresher green.
 By scandal unprovok'd he stood;
 And answer'd thus, the heap of mud:

“ When Folly, Noise, and Slander rage,
 And Calumny reforms the age;
 They, in the wise no passions raise;
 Their clamours turn to real praise.

Yet sure, hard-fated is the tree
 Reduc'd to spatter dirt with thee.
 Soon should a branch, from off my side,
 Chastise thine insolence and pride,
 Did not the wise obtain their ends,
 As well from enemies as friends.
 Thus, some increase thy heap receives,
 Even from the falling of my leaves ;
 Which, like false friends, when dropt from me,
 Assimilate, and turn to thee.
 But be they thine :—New seasons spread
 New honours o'er my rising head."

1728.

THE

THE THEORY OF TEARS;

A FRAGMENT.

BY WILLIAM STEVENSON, ESQ.

Sunt lachrymæ rerum —

TEars, which the bar-rang'd orators command,
 Are tears of pleasure for the fee in hand;
 The greater this, the more abundant those,
 Rated by price, as wine by measure flows.
 But wines a due hilarity impart,
 Their tears add gladness to the heavy heart.
 Grief, when sincere, by no vain proof appears,
 Too vast for the parade of formal tears.
 So, in the skies when deep-charg'd thunders brew,
 No clouds descend in rain, or melt in dew.

On Tully's words when listening senates hung,
 Charm'd by the living magic of his tongue,
 Few tears suffic'd; for tears then learn'd to flow
 Less at the call of lucre than of woe.
 Once from the offer'd hand your fee withdraw,
 That key which opes the cabinet of law;
 Tears then no more shall their full sluices break,
 Nor eyes amid the dew of rhetoric — speak:

Thus, when the sky a gloom of vapours shrouds,
 Thunders would mutter words thro' watery clouds.
 Alike so far, each here the verse confines,
 That both are empty marks, and passive signs;
 These, from the touch of flames ethereal roll'd,
 Those, from the no less subtile touch of gold.
 This maxim then how much the truth beyond,
 "Hearts must with eyes for ever correspond:"
 Reverse the adage, and behold it true,
 If you mankind thro' no false optics view.

The doctor's tears, if doctors weep at all,
 That soon his patient will recover, fall.
 Each salient vein, that vibrates still to health,
 Beats in repugnance to the pulse of wealth.
 Each sign, that to a happy crisis tends,
 A tear resistless to its orbit sends.
 But here the pointed satire fain would stop,
 Joy too, like sorrow, boasts her pearly drop.
 From fleecy clouds, on which the sun-beam plays,
 Oft falls the dew-shower interspers'd with rays:
 Let Candor then, who scorns the partial plan,
 Sometimes mistake the doctor for a man.

"All hope is gone! see how the doctor cries,
 "His tears, ah! speak in silence from his eyes!
 "Good, tender man! — But say, dear doctor, say,
 "Is it too certain what your looks betray?
 "Has Physic now no last resource to try?
 "And must the sweet, the lovely patient — die?"

"But

" But sure the dire disease, in luckless hour,
 " O'er youth and strength can scarcely boast the
 " Not yet attain'd the fever's wonted height, [power;
 " To make our noon-day hopes all set in night."

" No! heaven be prais'd!" with fervor-listed eyes,
 " My tears are tears of joy," the doctor cries;
 " No more the fever's heats internal burn,
 " No more deliriums, big with fate, return.
 " Mix those few cordials, and your fears abate,
 " Our patient's in a convalescent state."

Short triumph! his lank purse so empty felt,
 Each eye would fain from other motives melt.
 Now certain hopes health's kind prognostics give;
 So soon cur'd patients, how shall doctors live?
 Men must debauch, take fevers, faint and rave,
 Few hopes attend them, and late periods save;
 Their fatal snares must wine and women spread,
 Or doctors go a begging for their bread.
 But useless is the hint, if meant as such,
 Mankind are sure too complaisant by much,
 To suffer those, who kindly them preserve
 From fell disease, and death itself, to starve.

Now to the pulpit turns the muse's eye,
 There, haply, tears from proper founts to spy;
 For sure, if such us any where o'ertake,
 Altho' with-held for friendship's pressing sake,
 Tho' rarely found in rostrums; it must be
 Where God descends, and mortals bend the knee.

Where tears sincere, in heaven's pure eye, disclose
 A finer twinkle than the diamond shows.
 Where all confess, a tale that still begins,
 How much Religion suffers by their sins.
 Religion ! that sublime and gracious plan,
 By which for angel we exchange the man.

But hold—all honour to the sacred gown,
 Tho' less rever'd the gem-encircled crown.
 A scoff contemptuous here, or laugh of scorn,
 Were Virtue to decry, celestial-born ;
 Were to defame the volume of the skies,
 Which, penn'd by hand divine, expanded lies :
 Far more, for devils act less monstrous parts,
 Were to graze God's image from our hearts :
 Degrade the gown, religion, and the text,
 You must, dread thought ! dethrone Jehovah next.
 The person from the office we divide,
 To shun the stigma, or of guilt or pride ;
 Pride, that betrays a littleness of mind,
 And guilt, indeed, of an enormous kind.

Tears, gushing forth, the parson's sight bedim,
 His eyes, like stars in mists, uncertain swim ;
 Nor wonder tears his cautious lids beguile,
 For oh ! the melting pathos of his stile !
 Who can behold him, and refrain from tears,
 None, but the marble-hearted wretch who—hears.
 His head, his heart, his eyes, all correspond,
 Like mutual friends, of one another fond.

But

But, had he been from self-complacence freed,
 His head, his heart, his eyes, had disagreed.
 Not joy, but grief, in tears had then indulg'd,
 Express'd her feelings, and her doubts divulg'd.
 This vain parade of partial tears is shown,
 Because the preacher's to himself unknown.
 In big effusive consciousness they run,
 For what his pen, not wicked heart, has done.
 His pen's the sinner ; nor less oddly true,
 His pen's the generous expiator too.
 Yet, stranger still ! dry eyes had shown his sense,
 Had he surpriz'd his pen in one offence.
 What could he, all awake to feeling, more,
 Had he himself been faulty o'er and o'er ?
 For acting ill (who can in all excel ?)
 Sure heaven will pardon him for writing well.
 His sins, indeed, are multiplied he owns,
 As are his flock's, which hourly he bemoans ;
 But say, ye adepts, how things fit to call,
 Has not his quill all-potent cancell'd all ?
 But this, not nature's, but the preacher's law,
 No tears can once but sacerdotal draw :
 Hence, tho' the rapt self-conscious parson weeps,
 No social tear a well-bred cadence keeps ;
 Or, if a courteous drop with his consents,
 The cheek alone, but not the heart, relents :
 They weep, because they see, but listen not,
 Or, if they heard, the substance all forgot.

Thus womens eyes abundant use to flow,
Ask them the reason why? — they do not know.

But shall coarse satire quite engross the page,
And thro' the numbers spend its gloomy rage?
No; let some gentle subject close the song,
To the soft passions softer strains belong.
The muse increasing ardors too may feel,
And kindle onward like a chariot-wheel.
But not, as chariots raise the dust around,
Truth to obscure, or reason to confound.

Tears are the eye's pellucid dew, that fall
At Pity's summons, or at Mercy's call;
Tho' ruthless eyes oft-times affect them too,
As stones themselves distil a breathing dew.
As springs to earth, all-gently they impart
A kindly genial softness to the heart.
Tears, when the mind enjoys unruffled ease,
For form-sake shed, or from desire to please,
Are like those rains thro' sunshine oft sent down
From partial clouds, when nature wears no frown.

Tears are the special messengers akin
To oracles, on errands from within;
To tell mankind, beyond conjectures vain,
Those secrets friendship only can explain;
What active passions rise in tender strife,
What soft affections touch the springs of life.
Tears are the silent language of the heart,
That more, far more, than empty sounds impart:

By

By which it loves, o'erburden'd, to complain,
 When words would but offend, or prove in vain.
 Tears ease the soul in anguish and despair,
 Leaving a sadly-pleasing languor there.
 Thus close-pent clouds dissolve in hasty showers,
 By which the thunder loses all its powers;
 By which the sky, far as the view unfolds,
 A temperature serene and soften'd holds.
 Tears are the gentle streams that off convey
 Those floods that would o'erwhelm us by delay;
 The heart's big swell, much by misfortunes griev'd,
 That heaving soon would burst if not reliev'd.
 Tears are the tender proofs of love sincere,
 In silence shed, whence no reports take air:
 Shed, as the tribute of congenial minds,
 While each a more than vulgar transport finds.
 False eyes, indeed, may weep, if fame divulge,
 But true affection only can indulge.

Tears are the debt in pearly drops convey'd,
 But more than pearls in price, to merit paid;
 In which none act the base insolvent's part,
 But those whom Nature form'd without a heart.
 Tears wait on vice, and oft on virtue too,
 As winter-clouds dissolve in summer-dew.
 Tears, tho' the cheek a partial mark retain,
 Wash out, if shed aright, a fouler stain;
 Which, as it fainter and more faint appears,
 Makes angels envy human-kind their tears.

Tears

Tears are the silent arguments to tell
 That man's immortal, tho' at first he fell.
 Immortal—for he weeps for joy oft-times,
 Free from the sting of recollected crimes.
 And what can Nature's law thus counteract?
 What thus sensation's springs revers'd affect?
 O! thought sublime! strong proofs inculcate hence,
 How much inferior to the mind the sense;
 Dissolv'd in tears, that feebly it reflects
 Back to the soul what rapturous she expects.
 As Cynthia, tho' in full-orb'd glory bright,
 But faintly represents her parent light:
 Thus men infer, the soul superior must
 Exist apart, when dust returns to dust.
 For if the body impotent withstands
 Those transports she to infinite demands,
 Reason dare promise her desires immense,
 As virtue's long-expected recompence;
 But when, or where, 'tis not for man to know,
 That full enjoyment sense can ne'er bestow;
 When matter lives in various forms no more,
 And all the farce of human life is o'er.

ON THE
ILLNESS OF DR. TURNER,

PRESIDENT OF C. C. C. OXFORD.

BY DR. BASIL KENNET.

HOW venerable Turner's silver hairs !
 How comely vigour crowns him at his prayers !
 With pleasing sanctity his wisdom shines,
 Mellows each gift, and every grace refines.
 Learn'd and well-bred his virtues easy fit,
 Truth dwells with Love, and Candor tempers wit.
 The prophets sons are honour'd with his choice,
 Form'd by his hand, and guided by his voice :
 With reverence we our father's years explore,
 Nor count them many, while we wish them more.
 Born on accession to the Martyr's cause,
 He sees the world at peace by Anna's laws :
 For Peace and Anna scarce his vows he paid,
 His next important health our joys allay'd :
 In the sweet calm a sudden storm appears,
 And with our gratitude excites our fears.
 Even I, by pining fevers melted down,
 Struck with his danger, well forgot my own.

Each

Each private loss is by his care supplied ;
And Fate can only wound us thro' his side.

Yet thus, with sickness prov'd, new palms he gains,
His soul has raptures; while his body pains.
Oft his learn'd charge is to his comfort brought,
And oft his college rises to his thought.
More charms his conduct than his bounty yields,
He's more a founder in the youth he builds.
So good Antonius plac'd his life's extreme,
(For classic sense may suit a Christian theme)
Looks o'er the faithful volume of his age,
Studies himself, and dwells on every page.
There's not one day that clouds his blissful view,
One scene, but what he wishes to renew —
He most extends his life, who most employs,
And he lives twice, who his past life enjoys.

TO THE REV. MR. FITZGERALD,

RECTOR OF WOTTON, SURRY, MDCCXXXV.

WHile you enjoy a calm and cool retreat, [heat,
 Not vex'd by autumn's wind, or summer's
 Entrench'd within the bosom of the vale,
 You catch the morning sun, or evening gale;
 Then trip the verdant lawn, and pensive muse,
 Or moralize within the gloom of yews:
 'Till something starts to blame or to commend,
 To please, surprize, and to instruct a friend.
 The sands then lose their barrenness, for they
 Produce a cheerful song, or moral lay.
 The villa, garden, mountain, meadow, rill,
 Rise, all-spontaneous to the fertile quill;
 Grow in your verse, and grow to fair renown;
 While others property you make your own.

Forgive me, if the long-neglected lyre
 I touch, to warble lays thy lines inspire:
 If I the tender notes of friendship raise,
 Yet greatly envy what I fondly praise.
 As humble as thy heart I view thy vill,
 Thy song as lofty as yon chalky hill.
 I view thy mind, and, undeceiv'd, can tell
 How taste with true simplicity can dwell:

How

How the calm dictates of thy mind dispense
Mirth to reserve, and solitude to sense.

See the great world, see all its busy strife
Is but to wander thro' the maze of life :
Tir'd, from the down of Pleasure's pamper'd bed,
They rise, they yawn, are dress'd, fatigued, and fed:
And, in the chase of one laborious day,
A thousand errands make, or visits pay.
Ask, for what all this bustle ? They must own
They hate to think, and dread to be alone.
Ask old and young, the giddy girls and wives ?
Frolick's th' important business of their lives.
Soldiers, divines, the sprightly and the sad,
All must rush headlong, fashionably mad.
Paint thy own heart, thence draw th' instructive plan
To teach the Christian how to mend the man.

You, plac'd in happier climes, can truly tell,
To live with pleasure is with Truth to dwell :
Where gay Content with healthy Temperance meets,
And Learning intermixes all its sweets ;
Where friendship, elegance, and arts unite
To make the hours glide social, easy, bright :
There taste the converse of the purest mind,
Tho' mild, yet manly ; and, tho' plain, refin'd ;
There, thro' the moral world, expatiate wide ;
Truth is thy end, and Evelyn is thy guide.

P O E M O N A P I N.

BY MR. WOTY.

FOR once, ye critics, let the sportive Muse
 Her fool's-cap wear, spite of the shaking head
 Of stern-eyed Gravity—for, tho' the Muse
 To frolic be dispos'd, no song she chants
 Immoral; nor one picture will she hold,
 But Virtue may approve it with a smile.
 Ye sylvan deities! awhile adieu! [flowers,
 Ye curling streams! whose banks are fring'd with
 Violet and hare-bell, or the king-cup bright,
 Farewell! for I must leave your rich perfumes
 To sing the Pin in ever-sounding lays:
 But not that Pin, at whose circumference
 Rotund, the strong-nerv'd rustic hurls the bowl
 Ponderous and vast: nor that which window bars
 From thief nocturnal: nor that other call'd
 A skittle; chiefly found where alehouse snug
 Invites mechanic to the flowing cup
 Of Calvert's mild, o'er-canopied with froth.
 No—'tis the Pin so much by ladies us'd;
 Without whose aid, the nymph of nicest taste,
 Of neatest mould, a flattern would appear.
 Hail then, thou little useful instrument!
 Tho' small, yet consequential. For by thee

Beauty

Beauty sets off her charms, as at the glass
 Lucy, or Phillis, best adapts thy point.
 Without thy service would the ribband flaunt
 Loose to the fanning gale, nor on the head
 Of belle would stand her whimsical attire.
 The kerchief from her neck of snow would fall
 With freedom bold, and leave her bosom bare.
 How would the sempstress trim thy want regret
 As she her apron forms ! And how the man
 of law, sagacious, with his spectacles
 On nose reverted ! frequent does he want
 Thy prompt assistance, to connect his scraps
 And notes obliterated o'er. Thee oft
 In alley, path, wide square, and open street,
 The miser picks, as conscious of thy use ;
 With frugal hand, accompanied with brow
 Of corrugated bent, he sticks thee safe,
 Interior on his coat ; then creeps along,
 Well judging thy proportion to a groat.
 Thro' all thy different storehouses to trace
 Thy presence, either in the sculptur'd dome,
 Or tenement clay-built, would ask a pen
 With points almost as various as thy heads.
 Where-e'er thou art, or in whatever form,
 Magnificent in silver, or in brass,
 Or wire more humble, nightly may'st thou lie
 Safe on thy cushion'd bed, or kiss the locks
 Of Chloe, sleeping on the pillow's down.

THE

THE NEEDLE. A POETICAL ESSAY.

BY J. E. W.

INSCRIBED TO MR. WILLIAM WOTY.

CANTO I.

Rem acū tetigisti.

PLAUTUS.

WHILE others sing of high imperial states,
 Their jarring interests, or impending fates,
 Terpsichoré, do thou inspire my song,
 To thee, gay Muse, delightful strains belong.

Accept, dear Woty, madrigals of glee,
 I sing the needle—and I sing to thee;
 Nor thou refuse the incense which I bring,
 Singing to thee, I shall the sweeter sing:
 For thou delightest too in jocund themes,
 Tho' every Muse has visited thy dreams;
 But chief thou bathest in that silver wave
 Where blithe Anacreon's Muse was wont to lave,
 Where all-facetious Flaccus went to sport,
 Where Humour reigns, and Comus keeps his court.
 But what shall I, a poor pretender, win?
 Since all my sonnets are not worth thy * Pin.

* The Pin, a poem written by Mr. Woty. See p. 63.

The pole-enamour'd Needle pass we here,
 By which the mariners are taught to steer:
 Nor mean we now that death-denouncing * freight,
 Where oft the merchant trembles for his freight;
 The Spanish Needle, a new theme, we sing,
 And to our friend the shining tribute bring.

Need we the process of its birth admire,
 Or trace it from the temper'd bars to wire?
 How first the Rounder gives the graceful form,
 Beneath the hammer while he keeps it warm;
 Or how the Polisher, with smoothing file,
 Bids the rich toy in silver lustre smile:
 Need we to sing the Pointer's curious art,
 Which makes it keen as Cupid's fatal dart:
 How next the Piercer's punching tools supply
 The little Cyclops with a single eye,
 'Midst of the forehead, where it takes in light,
 And forms a pleasing vista to the sight:
 Thro' this small sky-light (may we use that name?)
 With spectacles oft pores the antient dame;
 And when the casement plain appears to view,
 Labouring to introduce the flaxen clue,
 Raptur'd she smiles, if she the pass attain,
 And reaps the pleasure, which she bought with pain.
 So have I seen a Philomath explore
 The windings of a problem o'er and o'er;

* The Needles.

Turn

Turn it, and twist it round, a thousand ways,
 Lost and bewilder'd in the endless maze,
 'Till instantaneous, on a sudden thought,
 Happy at last the great solution's caught;
 With extacy, too high to be exprest,
 The Eureka inspires his glowing breast;
 Fill'd with the raptures of approaching fame,
 To the New Almanack he sends his name,
 Enjoys the bright discovery in his mind,
 And ranks himself the foremost of mankind.

But leave we terms mechanic, since the muse
 Now soars ambitious to sublimer views,
 To lead the Needle to its worthiest plan,
 Its ultimate design—the use of man.
 Its use imply we from its early want,
 Ere Wisdom's voice could charm, or Art enchant;
 Ere petticoats were made, or breeches worn,
 To sew his fig-leaves Adam us'd a thorn;
 Sharp poignant emblem of each future bride,
 To prove a thorn in every husband's side!

'Twas in the days of yore, when Time was young,
 If we may credit bards, and antient song,
 Ere Solomon was seated on his throne,
 Or ere the birth of Needlework was known,
 That young Needilla, fair and chaste as snow,
 Liv'd with her grandfire on the * banks of Po,

* Needles were first made there, and discovered from the
 Needle-fish.

Beyond the river's mouth, where Ocean roars,
 Whose briny wave salutes the sedgy shores,
 Guiltless of love, unconscious of his fire,
 She gather'd shell-fish for her helpless fire;
 His sole support, and pillar of his age,
 For him she frequent risk'd the billow's rage;
 Spurr'd by parental duty — lo! the tide,
 Once furious, hemm'd her in on every side,
 This, Algaret, a fisherman, in view
 Anxious beheld, and row'd his swift canoe,
 Timely he snatch'd her from the dashing wave,
 And clasp'd the prize, which he was doom'd to save;
 The lovely damsel from the deep he bore,
 And after wedded on the friendly shore. [wane,

Three moons had scarce elaps'd, to close their
 It chanc'd she spied her husband on the main;
 'Twas on an evening mild, the sky serene,
 Heaven shed its softest splendors on the scene,
 Hush'd every breeze, and every wave asleep,
 Needilla risk'd her beauty on the deep,
 With Algaret, to seek the scaly prey,
 Perfidious winds! and more perfidious sea!
 The sail was torn, their little vessel tost
 On barren rocks, far-distant from the coast,
 When, in a moment, every wave subsides,
 And leaves the prospect of the silver tides,
 Long was the space to gain the distant shore,
 Their cordage broke, and shatter'd every oar —

What

What can they helpless ?—lo ! Needilla spies
 A pointed shell-fish, pierc'd with argent eyes,
 A heap of sea-weed on the rocks was cast,
 Which thro' the eyes with eager haste she past,
 With these her ready fingers tack'd the sail,
 Which Algaret unfurl'd to catch the gale ;
 Safe they arriv'd—hence, from Needilla's name,
 The Needle-fish has fill'd the trump of fame :
 Hence the * Venetians took the hint to form
 Needles of steel—discover'd from a storm !
 Such is the work of chance, which oft prevents
 Our deepest projects, and our best intents ;
 Thus, since those days, has gravity been found
 By a bare apple's dropping on the ground.
 Art thus grop'd on, bewilder'd in the dark,
 'Till from the flint of genius, like a spark,
 Issued the Needle, with a new-born light,
 And struck improvement's beam upon the sight.

* The Venetians improv'd needles, and after them the
 Tyrians and Sidonians.

C A N T O II.

OLD Nature smil'd to see this child of art [start:
 From her own womb, like some bright meteor,
 Well-pleas'd she gave the seeds of flax to spread,
 And hence the Needle's soft companion — Thread:
 A corresponding amity began,
 And both were wedded by the care of man,
 When long they liv'd in amorous friendship join'd,
 The Thread grew rotten, and the Needle blind!
 For who can rule th' uncertain chance of life?
 So fares it in the end with man and wife!
 Our froward dames are often out of joint,
 And husbands, like the Needle, lose their point.
 The Silk-worm next her curious web display'd,
 And wrought her lines along the mulberry shade;
 The Needle soon another mistress found,
 A softer bride, more elegant and round,
 Of firmer texture, and of glossier hue,
 Needles, like men, are fond of all that's new:
 For now the blade a libertine is grown,
 Like man, his maker, quickly tir'd of one;
 Yes! bigamy still tempts the lawless crowd,
 But thank the laws, ye wives — 'tis not allow'd.
 What! a third wife — ay! tremble at the word
 Ye former wives — the Needle weds a third!

He

He weds the daughter of old Farmer Fleece,
 Even such a dame as Jason brought from Greece;
 A bride full coarse, and recreant to his love,
 But once united—supple as a glove—
 Hairy, and rough, of Esau's rustic breed,
 Who mock'd her rivals of the worm, and weed;
 For her the Needle must his size enlarge,
 And the third wife still brings a heavy charge;
 Her name was Lady Worsted, and she came
 From Lady Wool—a matron of high fame;
 She boasted blood, and blood of tincture deep,
 Descended from the lineage of a—sheep.
 And thus, while dear polygamy prevail'd,
 The Needle still with wind and current sail'd;
 Yet, like Sultanas, tho' they wooed their Turk,
 Each wife was skill'd, and constant to her work,
 For joint, or separate, they maintain'd their vows,
 And never left the drudgery to poor spouse;
 Each had her own department—Lady Silk
 Deck'd the white glove, for hands as white as milk;
 She claim'd the mantua-making, as her trade,
 Her's was the jantee trolloppee and shade,
 From the smirk lady to—my lady's maid;
 'Twas she set off the milliner so gay,
 From humble fatten to proud padesuay—
 She trimm'd the bonnet, and the flaming hat,
 Proportion'd to the face, or lean or fat.

Fair Lady Thread profess'd the sempstress' art ;
 In the fine shirt, or shift, she warm'd the heart :
 Sometimes she wanton'd in the linen gown,
 From Lady Bab to Dolly of the town,
 While Gammar Worsted wrought the humbler stuff
 Of various colours, for her work was rough.
 Like these, did women lead industrious lives ;
 What halcyon-days were in the gift of wives ?
 Vain rovers then would envy what they hate,
 And only fools reject the married state.
 But here, my Muse, the home-spun theme must
 O'er the sad field of elegy to range ; [change,
 To sing the dire misfortune of the dame,
 Who died a victim to the Needle's fame ;
 So home the puncture, that she bled to death,
 And thro' some artery resign'd her breath ;
 Th' industrious finger sudden felt the smart,
 And quick convey'd it to her throbbing heart,
 The crimson streams precipitately move
 To guard their fort—the citadel of love ;
 In vain—for Death too close a siege had laid,
 And took by storm the miserable maid—
 Here draw the veil—let fancy paint the rest,
 And share that grief which cannot be express'd.

C A N T O III.

TO man the sway of nations was assign'd;
 The Needle's empire fell to woman-kind,
 Bright as her form, and taper as her waist,
 Like her refin'd, and polish'd as her taste,
 With eye of light, with poignant fancy crown'd,
 Keen as the Needle to impart the wound,
 Like the sharp weapon, she, with pointed wit,
 Can sting the heart of noble, or of cit,
 With mazy clue, and Dædalean skill,
 Can lead thro' winding labyrinths at will,
 Arachne-like, within her nets can lie,
 Quick to surprize the proud entangled fly.

Ye taylor, glovers, staymakers, beware!
 Nor still usurp the province of the fair;
 Ye sadlers too, ye male-embroiderers, yield
 The Needle to the woman—as her field;
 'Tis her's to bear this spear of softer war,
 And her's to drive the Amazonian car.

When did a woman labour in the forge
 To form the bolt for Jupiter—or George?
 Or when did Mars, or Vulcan intervene
 To walk the paths of Beauty's Sovereign Queen?

Despise we not great Hercules, who bore
 The female distaff on the Lydian shore.

And

And look we not with proud fastidious eyes
 On Peleus' son, who wore the female guise.
 With pain we read of Sampson, when he gave
 His giant-strength to be a woman's slave :
 These paid the forfeit for their want of pride,
 And the three heroes for a woman died.
 Emasculated man, be wise in time,
 Or meet their fortunes, as you shar'd their crime,
 Come, Woty, wilt thou deign to climb with me
 Old Pindus' top ? — or shall I follow thee ?
 Thou take the lead, and, like Elisha, I
 Will catch thy mantle to the Muse's sky :
 Wilt thou, with me, the Needle's toil pursue,
 And laugh at Mother Griffith's poor Review ;
 Come, leave law-quirks and precedents awhile,
 For thy own native tongue — the Muse's style :
 Close by thy own Parnassus' shrubs we'll stray,
 And from dull business steal one happy day :
 But mark the Muse — for she proceeds to sing
 The Needle's labours on sublimer wing.

The sacred veil sequester'd females chose,
 And left the world for solitude's repose ;
 Here Eloisa mourn'd her Abelard,
 While Love inspir'd the nun to be a bard ;
 'Twixt grace and nature struggling, soft desire
 Prompted her tongue, and tun'd her silver lyre ;
 Not Lesbian Sappho sung a sweeter strain,
 Nor half so sweet does Philomel complain,

For

For Abelard had tutor'd her, when young,
 In Wisdom's lore, and in the Muse's song;
 So Ovid his Corinna did inspire
 With love, with learning, and Apollo's lyre;
 To fill the vacant intervals of time
 Fair Eloise beguil'd the hours with rhyme;
 But rhyme not always, tho' its numbers charm,
 Can sooth a lovesick breast with passion warm;
 Her glowing fancy to the Needle flies,
 And first, behold! the works of Nature rise;
 Deep-read in sage philosophy, her hand
 Bids a creation dawn at her command,
 Here the bright sun emerges from a cloud,
 There thickening mists his golden lustre shroud,
 At distance Cynthia shines amid her train,
 In full-orb'd glory, thro' the heavenly plain;
 His glowing car there Sol in Ocean laves,
 And the horizon stoops to drink the waves;
 And now the Needle to our earth descends,
 Where the tall forest to the tempest bends,
 Here valleys sink, and hoary mountains rise,
 The lark, obsequious, in light ether flies,
 In liquid lapse a river winds below,
 Here bleat the sheep, and there the oxen low;
 Vision has ears, can see the torrent roar,
 And ears can see the billows lash the shore:

Who

Who has not heard the forked lightning fly,
 Or seen the thunder crack along the sky?
 In picture, fancy every organ sways,
 We hear the painted shepherd tune his lays;
 Such is the force of mimic art which draws,
 Amphion-like, even quarries to her laws!
 Painting and Poetry, twin-sisters, vie
 Thro' fancy's ear, to charm the ravish'd eye.
 Beneath the plastic hand of Eloise
 The timorous aspin trembles at the breeze,
 Clear flows the brook beneath the shining toy,
 Which seems to work for Eloise with joy;
 Here skuds the trout thro' shades of finest lawn,
 There, o'er the velvet parks, the bounding fawn.
 Here blooms a garden — there a fountain flows,
 Here the pale lilly weds the crimson rose;
 Now twisted woodbines form a proud alcove,
 Beneath whose arch she rais'd a shrine to Love,
 Amid the graceful forms, which deck'd the shrine,
 Large as the life, young Abelard, was thine;
 And in the train of beauteous nymphs, which shone
 Resplendent, Eloise had wrought her own;
 She first in tap'stry, ere the curious loom
 Taught trees to wave their tops, and flowers to bloom,
 Gave the bold figures to the ravish'd sight,
 Where shepherds sport, or warlike heroes fight;

Hence,

Hence, emulous, the fair sequester'd maid
Still guides the Needle thro' the rich brocade;
Or, when warm love is prevalent o'er grace,
Breathes her fond passion on a piece of lace;
For, ere the intermingling bobbins toil'd,
The brighter needle all their glories foil'd;
No supplemental patterns then were known,
For Love or Fancy was the guide alone;
In rich embroidery Cupid tipt his dart,
While sage Minerva dignified the art.

CANTO

C A N T O IV.

THUS, from the essays of a lovesick heart,
 Mechlin and Brussels stole their mimic art;
 Hence lace, with all its gay creation, rose,
 Essential ornament of belles and beaux,
 Ally of beauty — supplement of sense,
 And, next to snuff, the orator's defence;
 Grac'd with this armour, if he wave his hand,
 Say, what plain shirt his prowess can withstand?
 Not half so strong the brilliant's shining aid,
 When on the finger in full light display'd.
 So when the flag of Britain waves on high,
 And gives its streaming glories to the sky,
 All other flags submit, and strike their pride
 To the known empress of old ocean's tide.
 Nor pass we here the knitting-needle's aid,
 Once the delight of each industrious maid:

In days of yore, near Nottingham's fair town,
 Ere the wove stocking to the leg was known,
 Young Leius, a Cantab, of learned fame,
 Sigh'd for Kinnetta with a virtuous flame,
 With unavailing passion, long he strove
 To win the icy virgin to his love;
 In vain he sung, in vain he touch'd the lyre,
 Or boasted sage Apollo as his fire,

Apollo's

Apollo's self, in vain, to Daphné prov'd
 The high deserts, thro' which he fruitless lov'd,
 Like her, Kinetta fled the amorous swain,
 And he, like sage Apollo, wooed in vain;
 Tho' oft the laws of motion he explain'd,
 And why velocity its end attain'd,
 How the quick needles form'd the oblong squares,
 Or what proportion time to motion bears,
 Why the diameter of calf, and small,
 By due gradations, cause the threads to fall,
 Or, why the seam behind was like the Line,
 Parting each segment of the fair design.

Oft on his knee, imploring, would he beg
 To tell, why Italy was call'd the leg;
 Or, why some sages held a fond dispute,
 Affirming it was rather like—a boot.
 Deaf to his learning, on her work intent,
 She sought the safe retreat of winding Trent,
 Or oft to Sherwood's forest bent her way,
 And to her knitting sung the sprightly lay.

Enrag'd, his philosophic heart was turn'd
 To proud disdain, and whom he lov'd, he scorn'd;
 Within a wooden frame, by art divine,
 Assisted by Apollo, and the Nine,
 In order rang'd a thousand needles shone,
 A shuttle thro' the woof was taught to run
 With expedition, thus divinely taught,
 With disappointed love and passion fraught,

He

He first, the stocking wove within a loom,
Glorious discovery ! in his peaceful room,
His peaceful room the future scene of war,
Whose arts ten thousand female hands debar
From honest bread — so Thracian women tore
Harmonious Orpheus, in the days of yore.

With hasty step, full to Kinetta's eyes,
Just-finish'd, he display'd the new-born prize :

“ Now, scornful maid, he cries, to wisdom's lore
“ Dare to prefer thy Knitting Needles more ;
“ Thine and thy sister females arts, proud fair,
“ For love despis'd, shall vanish into air ;
“ From an unhappy, but an injur'd maid,
“ I learn'd the secret to destroy thy trade ;
“ I spied Arachne's web thro' optic glass,
“ And saw where lines o'er lines transversely pass,
“ Enrag'd like her, she taught me first to know
“ The happy item of thine overthrow.”

Stung to the heart, superior merit aw'd
Kinetta's mind, and Leius seem'd a god,
The work stupendous in the frame appear'd
Like magic, or as if divinely rear'd ;
Now to Love's altar she submissive bow'd,
Nor blush'd to own the new-born flame aloud,
With soften'd look the blooming youth she eyed,
Her brow unarm'd with supercilious pride,

Conscious

Conscious he felt the sympathetic heat
Glow in his breast, and at his bosom beat.

“ I know thee by myself, Oh nymph divine,
“ I feel thy heart’s warm passion kindle mine,”
Young Leius cried—and clasp’d her to his arms,
Then from the town he bore her vanquish’d charms,
To Cambridge safe convey’d his happy prize,
Ere the dread females should tumultuous rise,
Too well he prophesied the dire event,
Lo! to his chamber, with a fell intent,
Forth rush’d in haste the Amazonian bands,
Rage in their looks, and broomsticks in their hands;

First fell the victim of their ire, the loom,
And next the chamber met its fated doom,
Him too they sought for, author of their woe,
Fatidic Phœbus fav’d him from the blow,
He, with a beam of his all-seeing light,
Had warn’d young Leius to a sudden flight,
Else had they torn him piecemeal in their rage,
As Thracian dames once serv’d the * vocal Sage.

Maugre their fury, Leius perseveres,
His labours flourish’d with his growing years;
Ten thousand looms the happy texture wove,
One reach’d the stars—a monument of love!

* Orpheus.

A thousand shining needles, light array'd,
 Near * Granby's hat, effulgent, are display'd ;
 Hence mariners the well-known term assume,
 Who cry — how large the distant vessels loom !
 Here, 'mid the heavens, the Loom shall ever shine,
 A constellation sacred to the Nine !
 And, when we see a star glide cross the skies,
 Sage bards well know it is the shuttle flies ;
 And when pale streamers gild the midnight air,
 These are the threads — like Ariadne's hair.

* See Poet. Cal. Vol. 3. p. 108.

CANTO

C A N T O V.

Resume we now the theme, historic Maid,
 Where we digressive broke the homespun thread,
 Tho' every Muse in episode delight,
 Subject and episode are shade and light.

Ere the gay thimble claim'd its later birth,
 Ere gold and luxury had stain'd the earth,
 Long had the taper finger felt the smart,
 Sharp as the wound which thrills from Cupid's dart,
 Whose arrows dipt in honey, and in gall,
 With softer puncture Chloe's heart enthrall :
 Various expedients were applied in vain,
 To guard the fair-one from the stinging pain,
 Thick leaves subsidiary were often bound
 On folded paper, to prevent the wound,
 Until the blue-eyed Maid's indulgent care,
 Full oft invok'd, took pity on the fair,
 She, from the regions of eternal day,
 To Paphos on a visit wing'd her way.

The queen of beauty saw, with wondering eye,
 Wisdom, bright regent, and her chariot, nigh,
 When thus aside—"What cause can Pallas move,
 "That Prude divine, to grace the court of Love?
 "Why this high honour from th' imperial dame,
 "Whose cold virginity defies our flame?"

She rung the bell—a thousand Cupids hear,
 A thousand Cupids at the porch appear,
 Vying they seem to wage a sportive war,
 Who first shall help the Goddess from her car.
 “What favour can Minerva ask from Love?”
 Said Venus to the head-sprung child of Jove,
 “Since Wisdom solemnly disowns his sway,
 “And rarely deigns to trifle time away.”
 “Oh! Goddess, you mistake, Minerva cried,
 “Apollo’s self the pleasing smart has tried,
 “Fair Daphne’s name in capitals he wears,
 “The posy of the ring which binds his hairs;
 “A sprig of laurel in his bosom too,
 “For Love the power of Wisdom can subdue;
 “But not for man Minerva sues your grace,
 “I beg a favour for the female race;
 “A boon, which Cupid and his Loves may grant,
 “Your son ne’er frown’d upon a woman’s want.
 “The maids of industry, whom I protect,
 “And next to wisdom’s sons esteem my sect,
 “Have long implor’d me to remove a pain
 “From fingers wounded with a guiltless stain,
 “Not reputation’s wound, which few can bear,
 “Is half so painful to my darling fair:
 “An implement there is, a female toy,
 “Sharp as the arrow of your one-eyed boy,
 “With this the sisters of my art have led
 “Long-time, with pleasing toil, the ductile thread,
 “But

" But pleasing toils are mingled still with pain,
 " Such is the chequer'd lot of human gain—
 " The useful toy, fallacious to its trust,
 " Oft at the head has thro' the finger burst,
 " Whence trickling ichor issues from the wound,
 " Tho' guarded well with leaves, or paper round—
 " This is the implement—behold the head !
 " From which the purest virgin blood is shed ;
 " I had, myself, to Mulciber applied,
 " But toys, like these, are more to Love allied ;
 " Vulcan, on sight, would take it for a dart,
 " And, seen, refer me to young Cupid's art :
 " Therefore to Love I supplicate alone,
 " And at his footstool beg the gracious boon,
 " That, corresponding to the needle's head,
 " A guard be form'd, which should the finger wed,
 " To shield th' industrious fair from future harm."
 To whom Love's Queen, with glowing friendship
 " Be thine to think how Venus to oblige, {warm,
 " Who highly honours Wisdom's sovereign liege,
 " Be her's to speak, and Venus shall attend
 " To every mandate of her lovely friend."

Scarce had she spoke, when empty-quiver'd came
 The potent God of every softer flame,
 " Mama, he cried — I've emptied all my store,
 " And now am come to forge ten thousand more.
 " In Mecklenburg I've lodg'd a golden dart,
 " And left its fellow in Augusta's heart ;

“ And, laughing, ran away—the last I shot,
 “ Not easily the sting will be forgot,
 “ Hymen shall celebrate their nuptials soon,
 “ Or else my bow and arrow’s out of tune.”

Here interrupted Love’s imperial queen,
 (For shy Minerva ran behind the skreen) [power?
 “ Who do you think, you wanton, claims your
 “ No less than wisdom’s Goddess, and this hour—
 “ This precious hour bright Wisdom claims your
 “ Appear, Minerva, from behind yon shade;” [aid,
 At sight of Wisdom Cupid scrap’d a bow,
 Half smile, half frown, contending on his brow,

“ My dear, Minerva cried, my dimpled boy,
 “ For what you told Mama, I give you joy,
 “ And honour you for those well-chosen darts
 “ Infix’d so wisely in two royal hearts,
 “ There may I safely with thy conquests join,
 “ Their heads belong to me—their hearts be
 “ thine—

“ I’m come to beg a boon—you’ll not deny?
 “ ’Tis for your favourite women I apply;”—
 She then produc’d the needle to his view,
 Alas! the well-known instrument he knew.

“ And what am I to do with this?” says Love,
 “ Is it a doughty thunderbolt of Jove,
 “ With which, when you first started from his brain,
 “ You sagely thought man’s vices to restrain?”

He jesting spoke—Minerva understood,
 And, spite of wisdom, anger flush’d her blood,

“Nay, be not angry, bright, sagacious dame,”
 Sly Cupid cried—“my Psyche has the same,
 “Ten thousand of such toys my art has form’d
 “Long since—when in my forge the steel I warm’d;”
 “No,”—smiling answer’d the all-sapient queen,
 “I want a guard, or shield, to intervene,
 “To save the finger from the poignant smart,
 “No shield but mine, I know, can turn thy dart.”

To whom young Cupid—stifling here a laugh,
 “You over-rate my wisdom, now, by half:
 “Myriads of shields, adapted to the use,
 “Long since for women did my skill produce;
 “Thimbles you mean, well known to every maid,
 “Long since my forges form’d the bright parade,
 “Wisdom not always knows what Love has done,
 “Tho’ bright Minerva mocks at Beauty’s son,
 “Secreted still be all her wiles from me,
 “And Love’s arcana be conceal’d from thee,
 “Just vengeance for Arachne’s wretched doom!
 “For Love now guides the needle and the loom;”

He laugh’d—a thousand Loves the banter join,
 Which half abash the Goddess, tho’ divine,
 Her car precipitate she mounts, and flies
 To seek her own dominion in the skies;
 Foil’d by the God, to him she left the care
 Of every toy, which decorates the fair;
 And Love shall reign in spite of Wisdom’s rules,
 And Love shall prove her wisest sages—fools.

FIRE, WATER, AND REPUTATION.

BY THE SAME.

NICE to the touch, as ermine chaste,
 Sweet reputation soon is lost,
 Before detraction's beam 'twill waste,
 And prove us bankrupts to our cost.

How strictly then should prudence guard
 This rich, invaluable gem?
 Whence honour sprouts, the bright reward,
 Full-blowing from so frail a stem.

To prove my moral staunch and true,
 Three travellers once took the road,
 Each had a separate point in view,
 And each, no doubt, his own abode.

One was the element of Fire,
 A right, choice spirit of the age,
 The boon companion of desire,
 And well adapted to engage.

Water, a smooth deceitful spark,
 Walk'd with him—and you'll say that's strange,
 But, stranger, met in Noah's ark—
 And any novelty for change.

The third was Reputation, sweet
 As violet, or damask rose,
 They talk'd of Britain's conquering fleet,
 And who were friends, and who were foes.

At length three roads appear'd in view,
 Alas! the dearest friends must part;
 A future commerce to renew,
 They ask'd each other's trade, or art;

By what sure tokens each may find,
 Upon enquiry, one another,
 If, haply, each were so inclin'd,
 On meeting, to salute his brother.

Warmest in converse, Fire began,
 " My friends, I part with you in pain,
 " By country, I'm an African,
 " And, sometimes, traffic to New Spain.

" In Nature's works I range at large,
 " A tyrant-master, unconfin'd;
 " The servant's duty I discharge,
 " When due restraints, compulsive, bind.

" I'm oft produc'd from flint and steel;
 " For smiths I heat the temper'd bar,
 " For cooks I dress the splendid meal,
 " And roar, like thunder, in the war.

- " In faction's voice I'm loud and high,
 " In love, I kindle chaste desire,
 " When smoke appears, suspect me nigh,
 " Tho' frequently I prove false fire.
- " From heaven Prometheus stole my ray,
 " To man imparted as a gift,
 " I'm gently lambent when I'm Gay,
 " But keen, and brightest when I'm Swift.
- " You cannot miss me by these marks,
 " Such are the characters I bear,
 " Like Beauty, I have many sparks,
 " Most apt to catch, if tinder's near."
- " My varied shape, a thousand ways,
 " Says Water, may be soon mistook,
 " When winter's freezing fetters glaze,
 " 'Tis hard to know me in the brook.
- " Chang'd in my nature, now in snows
 " I fall—now murmur in the rill,
 " In hail or fleet, as Boreas blows,
 " I drop—and yet I'm Water still.
- " I stand unmov'd in stagnant pool,
 " In crystal lakes have little motion,
 " In baths I'm warm—in fountains cool,
 " Seldom at quiet in the Ocean.

“ Whene’er you spy the willow green,

“ Believe my banks are very near;

“ Or where the waving flag is seen,

“ Suspect my Naiads to be there.

“ I’m known to all by different names,

“ Of high distinctions vainly fond,

“ I’m call’d a river, in the Thames,

“ In pleasure-gardens, I’m a pond.

“ I’m salt, or sweet, in sea, or stream,

“ I’m often muddy, often clear,

“ And vary, like the poet’s theme,

“ As Dulness, or the Muse is near.

“ You’ll know me first — by Adam’s wines,

“ My stages too are worth recounting,

“ You’ll find me at two constant signs,

“ Well known — the rainbow, and the fountain.”

“ Alas! sweet Reputation cries,

With folded hands, and candid air,

“ Unlike you both in shape, or size,

“ I’m sought with pain, and found with care.

“ Ah me! if I but go astray,

“ Or miss my path, on fairy-ground —

“ If Reputation lose her way,

“ ’Tis ten to one she’s never found.”

A D I A L O G U E

IN THE SENATE HOUSE AT CAMBRIDGE.

BY THE LATE NICH. HARDINGE, ESQ.

STRANGER.

WHose is this image? BEADLE. Academic
Glory.

S. Is she a maid or matron, Whig or Tory?
What quarry could produce so huge a block?
What engines heave her from her native rock?
What vehicle the ponderous marble bear? [there?
Who bought her, who transform'd, who plac'd her

B. Who plac'd her there! A mason. S. Whose
design

Contriv'd her statue's architecture? B. Mine.

S. Who thus her pedestal with Latin grac'd?
Who taught her thus to speak in words unchaste?
"Come all, come all, partake my ample treasure,
"Who best deserve the palm!"* Is that her pleasure?
Her youths invites she thus? B. The line, they say,
Is borrow'd, word for word, from Virgil's lay.
Poems I study not; I seek, I own,
Vitruvian art, Vitruvian style alone;

* Cuncti adfint, meritæque expectent præmia palmæ.

But

But to my Johnian friends I give due credit,
And they in Virgil or in Maro read it:
Virgil unchaste! Is your's a true translation?
You differ surely from the congregation!

S. The congregation, Sir! Did Alma Mater
A deity by solemn grace create her?
And place her opposite to George's view,
Fix'd in the place to George the second due?

B. Some mysteries, from curious eyes conceal'd,
To clerks alone and churchmen are reveal'd.
Tho' Whigs and Wits her origin suspected,
And still enquire by whom she stands erected,
Faction to shake her base conspires in vain;
A Deity she is, and shall remain.
What tho' her brawny limbs, and stately size,
Taste, and virtù, and elegance despise,
To us her shape unzon'd, unclasp'd by boddice,
And more than virgin stride, declare the Goddess.

S. To Dian's image thus, with pomp array'd,
Their ardent vows Ephesian zealots paid;
Tho' conscious whence the fusile ore was brought,
What craftsman's skill the ductile figure wrought,
The work divine, with transport they commended,
Which, as they feign'd, from Jove himself descended.

B. What Glory was, why seek her sons to know?
See what alluring gifts she proffers now!
Caps to the learn'd, a mitre to the sleek
And white-glov'd chaplain, who forgets his Greek;

To

To heads, repose ; to bards, Parnassian bays ;
To all, or worthy or unworthy, praise.

S. What mean those types that lurk beneath her
Emblems ill-hid by ignorant deceit ? [feet,
What means that civic crown ? Are these rewards
For sage divines, philosophers, and bards ?

B. Nor smiles on these alone the Goddess ; she,
Propitious queen ! some boon reserves for me.
If Annesley's friend, * who learning's giant slew,
A convert deem'd, preferr'd to honours new,
Laughs in his sleeves of lawn, and shakes his sides,
Eats, drinks, and marries, age and care derides,
Why may not I, by her caress inspir'd,
By jovial port, and just ambition fir'd,
Claim from her patroness an equal grace,
And for a Headship change the Beadle's mace ?

S. Her gifts I envy not ; but wonder more
So partially she deals her bounty's store ;
Hardinge, whose merit friends and foes confess'd,
By her repulse defeated, sinks oppress'd. †

B. So perish all, who insolently dare,
Snatch'd from our champion's crest, a plume to wear !

* Bishop Gooch, master of Caius college, was vice chancellor when Dr. Bentley was degraded.

† Mr. Hardinge, of King's college, (author of this poem) had a dispute with the university about the non-performance of some divinity exercise.

Our frantic foes, who, late with towering pride,
 The Church, the Prince, and Rutherford defied,
 Now in luxurious ease supinely sleep,
 Nor discipline retain, nor vigils keep :
 We, in firm phalanx join'd, a chosen few,
 With scatter'd troops successful war renew ;
 Rise by defeat, and, from the victor's brow,
 Steal the fresh garland of his Delphic bough,
 Triumphal wreaths around our temples twine,
 And consecrate our spoils at Glory's shrine.

S. But what if Granta, rous'd by honest shame,
 Should haply wake, and vindicate her fame ;
 Precipitate this Demon from her throne,
 And vengefully eject this load of stone !

B. Urg'd by unjust reproof, I shall unfold
 A tale, perhaps not lawful to be told.
 Her from the solid substance, vast and rude,
 First into Fame a painful sculptor hew'd ;
 Her head a trumpet, wings her shoulders bore,
 This wrinkled robe thus channel'd then she wore ;
 Deck'd with fit attributes in front and rear,
 Expos'd to view, she charm'd a gazing * peer ;
 Who only disapprov'd her wings and trump,
 And made some small objections to her rump.
 These faults corrected, strait at C——s rear'd,
 Mix'd in a grove of statues she appear'd ;

* Duke of C——s.

There Marlborough's form she lovingly beheld,
 And, wreath'd for him, a civic chaplet held :
 But when, invok'd by Cock's enchanting tone,
 As at Amphion's call, each sculptur'd stone
 Obsequious trembled at his hammer's sound,
 And fled, so summon'd, that unhappy ground,
 A youth, * to Phœbus and the Muses dear,
 To Granta's voice, who lent a filial ear ;
 For her a destin'd gift this idol bought,
 And, pleas'd, to her his votive image brought :
 Doubtful at first what Nymph's, what Heroine's
 What Queen's was best adapted to the dame ; [name,
 At length, by vote unanimous, we made her
 A sovereign Goddess, and as such display'd her :
 But fearing lest the Senate should disown,
 As George's friends, his adversary's stone,
 Inscib'd with bits of verse, and scraps of prose,
 (The verse at least is classical) we chose
 To make and call her Academic Glory,
 Still in disguise a queen, and still a Tory.

S. Approv'd the Senate this transfiguration,
 Or licens'd by decree the consecration ?

B. Not by decree ; but when malignant † W —,
 Eager in hope, impatient of delay,

* Peter Burrel, esq. of St. John's.
 of Queen's college.

† A gentleman

A dapper, pert, loquacious, busy elf,
 More active for the public than himself,
 Ran to and fro with anxious looks, and prated,
 And mov'd that hence she might be soon translated,
 Dissenting from their friends, a wise majority
 Supported us, and her, by their authority :
 And who shall now remove her from the scene,
 Or dare to drive her from the Muses? S. Keene. *
 So when the father of his country fled,
 By fear of tribunitial rage mislaid,
 On exil'd Cicero's devoted floor
 Clodius uprais'd his Tanagræan whore :
 Th' indignant Senate saw, with patriot eyes,
 A harlot cloath'd in Liberty's disguise :
 But, when again to Latian skies restor'd,
 Her joy and guardian grateful Rome ador'd,
 Their antient seat, by her abode profan'd,
 His household gods with dignity regain'd.

* Vice-chancellor in 1751. and bishop of Chester.

WRITTEN AT CLARE HALL IN
CAMBRIDGE,

UPON OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF THE REV.
DR. CHARLES MORGAN, MASTER OF THAT
COLLEGE, WHO DIED APRIL XX, MDCCXXXVI.

WHere free from sense, intrench'd in earth no
more,

The soul unbodied gains its native shore :
Where Truth's uncloying banquet, ever new,
Opens the depths of science to its view ;
No longer on the verge it darkly strays,
But mystic Nature from within surveys ;
Nor wants the telescopic glass to trace
God's power, and wisdom, thro' the boundless space ;
Where doubts no more, nor mysteries confine
Its powers enlarg'd, its nature all divine, —
He's gone — and there erects his deathless head —
How vain our sorrows which lament him dead !
Where Clarke, Boyle, Newton, — each exalted
mind —

Each, while on earth, who dignified their kind —
Immortal now, with full fruition blest,
See Truth in native beauty stand confest.

While some contemplative their charms admire,
The Good Supreme their rational desire :

Others,

Others, as erst, in sweetest converse join;
 For purest friendship dwells in breasts divine:
 Sudden, a venerable Shade is seen
 Of mildest dignity, and front serene:
 Th' august assembly rise—See Clarke attend,
 Joyful, to welcome first his much-lov'd friend:
 Hail Thou! whose presence joys the sons of God,
 Who, pious, have the paths of science trod.
 Behold for Thee, on Newton's own right hand,
 For Thee prepar'd, that throne of glory stand:
 'Twas thine, exalted Genius! to disclaim,
 With just contempt, the breath of mortal fame;
 To nobler beings are thy praises known,
 Where Truth and Newton worlds unnumber'd own.

THE MINISTER OF STATE.

A PANEGYRIC.

OCCASIONED BY READING A LATE POEM, ENTITLED, THE MINISTER OF STATE, A SATIRE.

BY P. P—S.

“ **U**Ngrateful Rome!”—the generous Scipio said,

And in retirement’s shade conceal’d his head.

Ungrateful Britain!—might the Patriot say,
Or, if he will not speak it, others may :
Say, will thy generous heart the Muse permit
Merit and Thee to sing, exalted Pitt ;
While, fir’d with honest rage, she sighs to see
Base Scandal dart her venom’d tongue at thee ?
She must ; she dares th’ attempt, however new,
To give her warmest praise, where praise is due ;
She burns—indeed unfashionably fir’d,
She burns to praise the minister retir’d.

Here needs not fiction gild the face of truth,
Thy voice inspirited our generous youth,
That bad at once their glittering falchions glow,
And cast a dreadful gleam upon the foe.

Ere

Ere this Britannia hung her drooping head,
 And inly mourn'd her antient spirit fled,
 Ere this how idly did her navies sweep,
 In useleſs pageantry, the ſilent deep?
 And, as they ſail'd along, th' insulting foe
 Smil'd at the ſcene, and mock'd the harmleſs ſhow;
 But when on thee the ſovereign fix'd his choice,
 With joy reviving, Britons heard thy voice,
 Wing'd at thy word the conquering navy flies,
 And ſhouts of victory rend the echoing ſkies,
 Freſh ſchemes of honour every boſom fill,
 While Expectation holds Attention ſtill;
 The trembling French dread every deep-laid plan,
 And, while they curſe the foe, admire the man.
 Ere this, ſee France, vain, insolent, and proud,
 With hostile threats diſtreſs the timid crowd;
 Fear ſeiz'd each trembling breaſt, th' alarm began,
 Thro' every heart the mean infection ran;
 To ſave that land they call'd a foreign friend,
 Which Britons were unable to defend.
 Days of diſgrace! which call the ſcalding tear
 Down the pale cheek, and wound the tingling ear;
 Oh be the deed forgot!—with honeſt rage
 May hiſtory from her annals rend the page,
 When thus no boſom ſeem'd with ardor fir'd,
 And Britain's courage—only not expir'd!
 Say, ſhade of Wolfe, on that enſanguin'd plain,
 Which ever ſhall thy memory retain,

Where, while thy bosom pour'd the purple tide,
 Fair Victory stood weeping by thy side,
 Glow'd not thy heart with Pitt's august design,
 ('Twas his to form, to execute was thine)
 That gave proud Gaul Britannia's strength to know,
 Which fell with mighty ruin on the foe?

I see, I see the sacred shade advance,
 Bright flash his lightning eyes, quick gleams his
 quivering lance,

How stern the Hero's awful form appears,
 While these indignant accents pierce my ears:
 "Youth, how lamented on these plains I fell,
 "Let Britain's voice, that wept in triumph, tell;
 "Let the same voice, which gratitude once fir'd,
 "Speak the strong joy which patriot-worth inspir'd!
 "But oh the change!—If gratitude be dead,
 "In vain the Patriot plann'd, the Hero bled;—
 "No, not in vain:—for benefits will last,
 "However faction rage, or malice blast.
 "Ungrateful land! if thus his godlike mind
 "The mean return of tainted slander find,
 "My generous ardor may have found the same,
 "And courage may be sunk in folly's name;
 "I bless, when such ingratitude I see,
 "The death that snatch'd me from a land like thee."
 He said; and vanish'd into empty air,
 The sounds yet murmuring on th' attentive ear:

Oh much-lamented Shade! tho' just thy rage,
 While scandal taints the venal poet's page,
 Yet grant a gracious smile, if one remains
 Who pours his honest, tho' his humble strains,
 To pay th' important debt, tho' all unfit,
 The debt of gratitude, to thee and Pitt.
 Thy heart, great George, with virtue's lore enlarg'd,
 This generous debt of gratitude discharg'd;
 Then sure the sons of slander must agree,
 Who wound Pitt's merits, glance the dart at thee.

Who but remembers, (ah, who can forget?)
 When faction's rage distress'd the tottering state,
 When discontent thro' every bosom spread,
 And, torn by parties, Britain's vitals bled?
 A hateful scene!—the Patriot then arose,
 At once the wounds of fell division close;
 On Britain's shore fair Union took her stand,
 And wide diffus'd her blessings o'er the land,
 Ere scandal lay dispirited and dead,
 And murmuring faction hid her horrid head:
 Blest days!—O much-lov'd Britain still 'tis mine
 To wish such halcyon days be ever thine!

Why need I paint the virtues of his heart,
 Where rigid honour fills the largest part?
 The virtues of his heart are not unknown—
 These his disgusted enemies will own:—
 And let not Falshood's voice my verse defame,
 And stain fair Truth with Flattery's odious name;

When place and power obey'd the Statesman's will,
 'The generous Muse ne'er tried her trembling quill;
 For tho' each action heart-felt joy inspir'd,
 Each action still in silence she admir'd.
 And now no statesman's character I blast,
 Nor blame the present, tho' applaud the past,
 Exalted merit still to praise be mine,
 * * * * *, to blast bright characters be Thine.

When rolling time has bid our passions cease,
 And hateful faction shall be hush'd to peace,
 Then future ages shall his virtues know,
 And wonder such a Statesman found a foe;
 In honour's fane (a noble group!) shall sit
 Immortal Tully, Walsingham, and Pitt;
 While History shall raise her trump on high,
 And spread his praises round the vaulted sky,
 Shall on her fairest page inscribe his name,
 And give the roll to everlasting fame.

A JOURNEY TO DONCASTER,

OR

A CURIOUS JOURNAL OF FIVE DAYS, WRITTEN
WITH A PENCIL IN A CHAISE.

DEAR ANNE,

IN prose I've wrote you many a journal
Of travels, which I hope you'll burn all,
And now for once I write in rhyme
To tell you how I spend my time,
And what adventures may ensue
While I am hasting down to you.

On Sep. the second day I went
To London from my house in Kent;
And, as good luck would have it, found
A friend for shire of Ebor bound:

It proving temperate, pleasant weather,
We soon agreed to go together,
And for our ease, o'er turnpike-ways,
To travel down in my post-chaise.

By learned men it is agreed,
Poets should ride the winged steed;
And therefore, thus says Betty Martin,
"Thou art no poet, that's most certain."

Thro' Kentish-town, up Highgate-hill,
 Our horses move—against their will;
 And, while they snuff the wholesome wind,
 We cast a parting look behind,
 Pleas'd t' have left yon sable cloud,
 That buries millions in its shroud;
 Alas! they toil, the sons of care!
 And never breathe the purer air.

Thy common, Finchley, next we measure,
 Whose woodland views would give us pleasure,
 But that they many a wretch exhibit,
 Too near the high road, on a gibbet;
 Hence men may guess, without much skill,
 Here have been rogues—and may be still.
 High-Barnet pass'd, we reach the plain,
 Where Warwick, haughty earl, was slain:
 So perish all, as Warwick fell,
 Who 'gainst their lawful liege rebel!
 Ah! passing strange, that one sweet flower
 Should kindle all the rage of power!
 Yet England oft has wail'd her woes,
 And wept the colours of the rose.
 With hungry appetites we hie on,
 Where Hatfield shows the Silver Lion;
 But, lo! nice steaks from rump of beef
 Will soon afford us kind relief;
 Of good old Port we drink a quart,
 Discharge our reckoning, and depart.
 Thro' sandy lanes, and deep defiles,
 Where ray of Phœbus never smiles,

(Save on that beam-illumin'd dwelling,
 Where Young delights the Muse at Welling)
 We march as gently as we can,
 And reach at Stevenage the Swan :
 A well-fed pullet, roasted nice,
 And of high-season'd ham a slice,
 Of suppers could not prove the worst—
 Warm negus gratified our thirst :
 At ten the welcome down we prest,
 And wooed the kindly Power of rest. —

With early dawn we mount the chaise,
 And Phœbus smiles in friendly rays :
 O'er finest turnpike-road we bowl,
 The wheels, the numbers gently roll,
 Speed swift to Baldock down the hill,
 Where liv'd sweet Polly of the Mill,
 But now the lovely Polly's gone,
 Rival of Venus ! —so drive on.
 Thro' villages, o'er plains we ride,
 Where Ouze conducts his silver tide ;
 So slow his winding waters stray,
 He seems to linger on his way,
 As loth to leave the pleasing scene
 Of woods, corn-fields, and pastures green :
 Thus man, low-grovvelling, like the river,
 Would loiter in this life for ever ;
 So beautiful these scenes appear,
 He thinks it better to be here,

Than

Than try that country, from whose bourn
 No pale-eyed travellers return.
 At Eaton next, by twelve a clock,
 We bait our horses at the Cock :
 Then leave awhile the public road,
 To take with friends a night's abode :
 This visit comes in due succession,
 And therefore deem it no digression.
 Thence cross corn-fields our way explore,
 Where chariots never went before ;
 Thro' rushy swamps, and bogs we past,
 And came to * Beggary at last :
 Even then we did not know our doom,
 For worse misfortunes were to come :
 Fain would we thro' the pastures ride ;
 Our entrance gates and locks denied :
 Thro' that deep lane, where many a slough
 Would spoil a horse, or hide a cow,
 Pass on we must, if we intend
 To pay our visit to a friend :
 True friendship has a bias strong,
 It drove us thro' the mire along,
 O'er banks and ridges, till, at last,
 It fairly set the carriage fast—
 What's to be done ?—with might and main
 We haul'd it on the land again :

* The name of a small hamlet.

At length, with fear and wild amaze,
 We crawl'd thro' safely with the chaise;
 Now on the precipice's edge,
 Now bounc'd against a quickset hedge,
 And, by a wondrous kind of fate,
 By four arriv'd at P—'s gate;
 Whose entertainment, neat and kind,
 Soon put these dangers out of mind:
 With social friends we pass the day,
 And gaily laugh'd our cares away—

At six we march, but first provide,
 To shun bad roads, a faithful guide;
 And shortly, o'er the rising steep,
 We saw the spire of Bugden peep:
 At breakfast near an hour we waste,
 'Twas coffee, grateful to the taste,
 With dulcet cream, and nut-brown toast;
 Then bid a Valeas to our host.
 O'er level roads we drive amain,
 Roads as the well-roll'd terrace plain,
 And soon reach'd Stilton safe and well—
 We chose the inn that bears the Bell.
 On mutton, charming food! we dine,
 And cheer our hearts with generous wine;
 But long, alas! we must not stay—
 Life flies with rapid wing away;
 'Tis but a march that we must make;
 'Tis but a journey we must take:

Here

Here we can fix no firm abode,
 Nor loiter long upon the road ;
 But must, with vigilance, attend
 Still to our journey, and its end.
 At Stamford next, with spirits light,
 The Bull receives us for the night ;
 Smelts and a rabbit was our food ;
 The bill was cheap, the wine was good.
 Our wheels next morning early found
 O'er rough, thro' truly Roman ground ;
 Th' immense Vestigia, still compleat,
 Prove that the Romans once were great :
 By ten, at Grantham we admire
 The noble church, the lofty spire ;
 Sarum's alone is two feet higher. }
 Here, what before I ne'er had seen,
 I saw fair Venus, Beauty's Queen ;
 Sweetly she smil'd with graceful look,
 In shape of Lady Mary C—. }
 Our breakfast done, in haste we went
 To Newark on the banks of Trent ;
 There staid a little to regale
 On cold roast-beef and humming ale.
 Thence thro' a tedious, sandy way
 We labour'd, and at Carlton lay :
 With friends we drain'd the cheerful bowl,
 And sapt on mutton and broil'd fowl,

And

And eels that gave us much content,
 Delicious eels — the eels of Trent. 2
 Next morn thro' wretched roads we steer,
 Yet pay at turnpikes devilish dear :
 The purple heath we travers'd o'er,
 And stopt at Barnby on the Moor ;
 Thence into honest Yorkshire ventur'd,
 Which first we at fair Bawtry enter'd :
 By three to Doncaster we came,
 A town polite, of antient fame ;
 There will the Muse awhile unbend,
 And there this tedious journal end,
 Wrote, dearest Anne, at your commands,
 And now it flies to kiss your hands.

Sep. 6, 1759.

SONNET.

S O N N E T.

BY THE LATE MR. EDWARDS.

TO THE REV. MR. LAWRY, PREBENDARY OF
ROCHESTER.

LAwry, whose blisful lot has plac'd thee near
 To Wisdom's house, where thou may'st rightly
 Of the best means in virtue to excel, [spell
 Science, which never can be priz'd too dear;
 Where thy * great Patron, tho' in life severe,
 Is candid and humane, in doing well
 Constant and zealous, eager to repel
 Evil by good, in word and deed sincere;
 In this fair mirror see thy duty clear,
 Practice enforcing what his precepts teach,
 This great example study night and day;
 If faithful thus thy Christian course thou steer,
 Tho' such perfection thou should'st fail to reach,
 The generous effort sure rewards will pay.

* Dr. Herring, archbishop of Canterbury.

THE SENTIMENTS OF TRUTH;
AN EPISTLE.

ADDRESSED TO THE SONS OF BRITAIN.

BY MR. F——Y.

YE generous Britons, sons of fair renown,
With mute attention deign to lend an ear:
As late reclin'd beneath a spreading oak,
Musing intent on Albion's happy isle;
A sudden slumber gently seal'd my eyes,
And wrapt my wearied limbs in soft repose;
Excursive Fancy wing'd her agile flight
Thro' the aerial mansions of the world;
Instant appear'd, portray'd upon my mind,
The fair Urania, clad in candid robe;
And bright around, in beauteous order rang'd,
A crowd of Britons rising to my view;
A gentle murmur, first, distinct was heard—
The Goddess wav'd her wand—a pause ensued—
Silent in expectation now they sat,
When thus her sentiments she mildly spoke:

“Fam'd Albion's sons, whose rock-encircling
“Emblem of virtues in your noble race, [coast,
“Repels each boisterous billow of the deep,
“And stands triumphant o'er the bounding main:

" You who, to vindicate your regal right,
 " That right divine by every kingdom claim'd,
 " In dreadful thunder shook the distant poles,
 " While trembling regions heard the horrid sound;
 " Let not Contention, hell's destructive fiend,
 " Excite commotion, and your peace destroy;
 " Let not Ambition's vile, ignoble train,
 " The groveling arts of dark dissimulation,
 " Pride, pique, or interest, e'er delude your steps;
 " But let benevolence your souls command,
 " Your darling passion by your foes confess'd.
 " Can you, who brave repell'd th' insidious foe,
 " And nobly humbled their imperious crest;
 " Can you, so high-renown'd for martial deeds
 " And fair emprise, to discord fall a prey?
 " Instant renounce each stupor of the soul,
 " And virtuous dare the fam'd Britannia's weal.
 " Remember Rome, august, imperial Rome —
 " She long in virtue's cause resplendent shone:
 " Fragrant she bloom'd, and flourish'd wondrous
 " Till pomp, vile luxury, corruption fell, [fair,
 " And Hydra Faction, with malignant breath,
 " Tumbled, with cumbrous fall, her eagle-head!
 " This world's dread empress, renown'd for learning;
 " For arms, arts, virtuous deeds, without compeer.
 " Now how inglorious! how supinely sunk!
 " Fallen from her high estate, and grovelling in the
 " Since reason's lamp illuminates the mind, [dust.
 " And

" And cogent proves eternity to man ;
 " Since justice too, eternal, will require
 " Strict retribution for offences past ;
 " Serious reflect on God's supreme decrees,
 " And learn obedience to his great commands :
 " For what avail earth's pageant pomp and joys
 " In that dread hour when death terrific comes, —
 " The gaudy title, filken dalliance,
 " And life too gaily spent, will but torment,
 " Not calm the mind, in that tremendous moment !
 " Let then your civil broils and discord cease ;
 " Enjoy the fruits of your well-earn'd renown ;
 " Cast off each vice, each poisonous dreg of life ;
 " Fly fell corruption, taint of generous minds,
 " Lest her corroding hand your frame dissolve,
 " And bury in the dust your antient toil :
 " But if, unheeded, exhortation pass,
 " Britannia, now so fam'd, will sure imbibe
 " A deeper stain than Afric's tawny sons ! "

She said ; then instant vanish'd into air,
 When Morpheus soon his guardian post resign'd,
 And memory, faithful, stamp'd upon my mind
 The sage instructions of the meek-eyed fair.

ON THE NUPTIALS OF LORD GREY, AND
LADY HARRIOT BENTINCK.

BY MRS. F——Y.

HYmen (neglected God) this day appears
In blaze of glory, as in earlier years;
When innate worth alone th' affections sway'd,
Nor wealth the youth, nor pomp allur'd the maid;
Titles and grandeur, "trifles light as air,"
Were not essentials to the well-match'd pair;
But when indulgent heaven benignly joins
To title, virtues that e'en wealth refines;
When noble birth adorns a nobler heart,
Which joys th' intrusted blessings to impart,
Copies the great Commander of the sky,
And wipes Affliction's tear from Virtue's eye?
How fair's the lot? — we see, and wondering trace
These glowing virtues stamp'd on Stamford's race:
A bright compeer in worth and noble fame,
Hark! radiant Truth re-echoes Bentinck's name.

Auspicious morn! for ever gay appear,
Clad in the brightest livery of the year;
Joyful may circling hours thy ides relate,
Which saw united Grey and Bentinck's fate;
Long be their years, to grief and pain unknown,
And may each parent virtue be their own.

A NUPTIAL-CARD,

SENT TO A YOUNG COUPLE ON THEIR WED-
DING-DAY, JULY XXIII, MDCCLXIII.

BY THE SAME.

Gladly the call of friendship I obey,
And gratulating hail your nuptial day.
May life's small circle ever bright appear,
Fair as the morn that gives you all that's dear ;
May tender friendship (guardian power of Love)
Attendant wait you, and each act approve ;
Scan both your merits with a partial eye,
And, if a fault should rise, each pass it by :
Would you with joy still view your wedding-day,
Not only both must love, but both obey.

HORACE,

With silver clasp, and corner-plate,
 You fortify the favourite book :
 Fear not from worms or time your fate !
 More cruel foes your works await :
 The butler, with th' impatient cook,
 And pastry-nymphs, with trunkmakers, combine
 To ease the groaning shelves, and spoil the fair design.

HORACE, ODE XXX. BOOK I.

IMITATED IN THE PERSON OF GENERAL
 CH——LL.

BY DR. BROXHOLM.

O Venus ! Joy of men and gods,
 Forsake, for once, thy blest abodes,
 And deign to visit my land ;
 Quit Paphos and the Cyprian isle,
 On thy fond votary kindly smile,
 And come to my Duck Island.

Thee, Goddess, thee, my prayers invoke,
 To thee alone my altars smoke ;
 O treat me not with rigour :
 Thy wanton son bring with thee too,
 My dying embers to renew,
 And give me back my vigour.

Bring, too, the Graces to my arms,
 Girls that are prodigal of charms,
 Of every favour lavish:
 Yielding and melting let them be;
 Consider, I am sixty-three,
 And that's no age to ravish.

Let jocund Health attend thy train,
 Much wanted by thy crazy swain;
 And, gentle Venus, pr'ythee,
 To crown thy gifts, and ease my pain,
 (Since Ward has labour'd long in vain)
 Let Mercury come with thee.

A SUBURBIAN PREACHMENT.

A Reverend doctor, preaching in the suburbs,
 About whose debts arose some plaguy hubbubs,
 Thus, for his text, these pleasing words let fall,
 "Have patience with me, and I'll pay you all."
 With joy-pricktears the rough Burroughnians stand,
 And deem'd the day of ballancing at hand:
 On his first Head his reasons were so strong,
 They sat with patience, tho' he preach'd so long:
 "And now, says he, I come to "pay you all"—
 "Great is your patience, and my merit small—
 "T'abuse that noble virtue were a crime—
 "So I'll defer it to—another time."

TO THE MEMORY

OF THE LATE DUKE OF BRIDGEWATER,
MDCCLXVIII.

BY N. COTTON, M. D. OF ST. ALBAN'S.

Patient to hear, and bounteous to bestow,
A mind that melted at another's woe;
Studious to act the self-approving part,
That midnight music of the honest heart;
These silent joys th' illustrious youth possess,
This cloudless sunshine of th' unsullied breast:
From pride of peerage, and from folly free;
Life's early morn fair Virtue gave to thee.
The tear no longer stole from Sorrow's eye,
And Poverty rejoic'd, when he was nigh;
Like Titus, knew the value of a day,
And Want went smiling from his gates away.
Titles and rank are borrow'd from the throne:
These honours, Egerton, were all thy own.

EPI.

EPITAPH ON

KING THEODORE BARON NEUHOFF,

IN ST. ANN'S CHURCH-YARD, WESTMINSTER.

Near this place is interr'd
Theodore, king of Corsica,
Who died in this parish, Dec. 11, 1756.

Immediately after
Leaving the King's Bench prison,
By the benefit of the act of insolvency:
In consequence of which
He resigned his kingdom of Corsica
For the use of his creditors.

THE grave, great teacher, to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings;
But Theodore this moral learn'd, ere dead;
Fate pour'd its lessons on his living head,
Bestow'd a kingdom, but denied him bread.

CON-

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